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№ 2

MARVEL PREVIEW PRESENTS

AMERICA'S GREATEST CRIME DESTROYER!

THE PUNISHER™

SPECIAL!
THE EXECUTIONER SPEAKS OUT!
AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH DON PENDLETON!

Vol. 1 / No. 2

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

PUNISHER™

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INTERVIEW WITH DON PENDELTON 46
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MAN-GODS MAIL

First issues are always interesting things. The reader is introduced to a new idea (to one degree or another) and the creator(s) have a chance to get reaction to that idea. This is very much the whole REASON for MARVEL PREVIEW—EVERY issue, in a sense, is a "first" issue; and your reaction (both in mail and in sales) to each idea will let us know where to go (if anywhere) with each one.

MAN GODS FROM OUTER SPACE drew an overall more-mature response from our readers than do most of the books. Many of the letters were well thought-out and brought up many interesting ideas, both about the book itself and the possibilities brought up in both stories. Here's a sampling of the letters we received on the first issue of PREVIEW—

People;

If there is one kind of letter I truly hate to read . . . or for that matter even, write . . . it is the kind of letter which goes somewhere along the lines of "Gee Whiz, that was without a doubt the (best, greatest, most fantastic, most sensational—pick one) magazine you guys have ever put out!!! Wowee!!" The raving is usually followed by a plea of more, more, and more. I know, I have fallen to the deep depths of degradation and written letters of this calibre also. Not that I disagree, it is just difficult to give a good analysis of a magazine when you are as hyped up as that. This is the reason I have waited a few weeks after reading MARVEL PREVIEW #1 to write to you. I hope I can offer something worthwhile to you, and if not, at least I tried.

COVER: Reflects very well the mood of the major interior tale. Neal Adams has done a very commendable piece of work here. Thank you for not cluttering the cover with any word balloons. I hope you will adhere to this policy in the future as well.

MAN-GODS FROM BEYOND THE STARS: To be honest, at first I thought that the interior was by Neal Adams. I took a quick glance at the credits and saw the name of Alex Nino. Can that man draw! Sensational, in the truest sense of the word, as was the rest of the story . . . the plot and script by Roy Thomas and Doug Moench, respectively. The use of the "INTERLUDE" pages here was a nice touch . . . was it Roy's or Doug's idea?? As the story progressed, I refrained from comparing Alex to Neal, and began concentrating my thoughts on Alex's own style. Truly excellent . . . expecially the final page. I commend Roy and Doug for using the Von Daniken theories merely as a basis for the story, and not rapping them totally. In the way it was done, it was excellent. The wrong way of handling it could have turned it into a piece of work to laugh at. Give 'em all No-Prizes.

ARTICLES: Having read many of the so-called "Books Of The Gods" I found the articles for the most part repetitive in nature. For the "novice" however, they form a good base of information, and will most likely lead many readers on to those self-same books.

"GOOD LORD!": As you mentioned, dedicated to four great talents in the comic book field. (I assume you were referring to Gaines, Wood, Williamson, and Feldstein, and not the law firm of Bill Schwarz, Wally Schwarz, Al Schwarz, and Al Schwerz. . . .) The title itself is enough to link the story with the great days of EC. On top of that, the story itself is replete with old EC standbys, not the least of which you incorporated as the entire basis of the story . . . the formula switch ending tale. Minor EC incorporating style of narration, (for the first two pages, at least); I think the rocket ship looks familiar; the uniforms were seen in just about every issue of WEIRD SCIENCE and WEIRD FANTASY, and later, when the two merged ionto WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASTY (such a logical approach to a new title for two merging magazines!!); and, if I am not mistaken, the face of Dr. Wilson was used as a face in one of the unpublished EC science-fiction tales (By the way, while I am on the subject of science-fiction in EC . . . how about an article in UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION on science-fiction in the comics, and centering on the great EC classics of science fiction?? It sounds like a good idea, eh??). The plot of a search for God, and the subsequent ending, were maybe even stronger than some of the morality tales done in EC, but the influence is there nevertheless. Again, congratulations to all involved in this endeavor.

Before I close, I would like to make a few comments on the magazine's format. Please do not turn "Man-Gods" into a series. I am sure there will be a number of letter writers who say "Golly, gee whiz, wow, that was great, why don't you do a series on it, wow!!!" However, the entire purpose of the magazine would be defeated. This magazine should be a showcase for one-shot ideas. An idea like "Man-Gods . . ." could ONLY be successful as a one-shot proposition. As for next issue, I understand you will be doing a "Punisher" tale. Great. But do not not a series on it. I emphasize this point strongly: I feel that MARVEL PREVIEW should be used for the sole purpose of one-shot stories. On a character like the Punisher, where a series is feasible, do a PREVIEW story on him maybe once every two years or so. Kind of like COLOMBO . . . a long period of time between each episode makes for better episodes. The possibilities here are endless. Should a writer have some kind of a story in his system which he wants to get out, this is the place for him to get rid of it.

Now, I am sure that, in the future, you will have a series emitting from a story/character in PREVIEW, but please try to keep the magazine from being a showcase for characters who will soon be gaining their own books, that would merely make the book boring.

A few suggestions for future stories: How about a LUKE CAGE tale where Luke really lets it all hang out . . . John Shaft style—only more so. Since you are not within the limits of the comics code, the possibilities again are endless. Feature some of your mainline superheroes; since there is no true superhero black and white magazine, some very interesting things could be done.

That about wraps it up for this time around. Sorry for being so long-winded, but I had some stuff to say, and I hope I was able to communicate those things to you in the correct manner. You have a great potential in this book . . . don't blow it. I would hate to see it all go to waste.

Sincerely,

Craig Peters
40 Yale Street
Garden City, NY 11530

Dear Editors,

I just picked up the first issue of MARVEL PREVIEW, and thought that I would make a few comments on it. The main reason that I'm writing though, is because the subject you started off with, is one that fascinates me.

Namely, that of extraterrestrials possibly visiting primitive Earth. More on that later . . .

First the magazine itself.

I think you've got another winner here. If you keep the same format. Not the MAN-GODS bit, but taking an interesting subject, and devoting an entire issue to it. Whether it be completely fictious, or have some grounding in fact.

If you wanted to do something else along the same lines as this issue's topic, how about UFO's, or Atlantis, or something like that? Personally, I don't go for the UFO bit very much, and as for Atlantis . . . who knows? There's a lot of interesting theories about them all. It's up to you.

Alright, back to MAN-GODS FROM BEYOND THE STARS.

Well, the story and art were great. What was said though? I don't know. What you're saying is that the Bible and evolution are both wrong. That we are descended from some race from another solar system.

O.K. It's not a bad theory. In fact, I find it a little easier to go for than Von Daniken's theory. For one thing, I do not particularly go for the religious point of view, that all things stem from one Supreme Deity. Nor do I tend toward the other extreme, that there is no Supreme Being. Rather I go for the neutral point of view, that if there is something out there, fine and dandy; if there isn't, then there isn't. This way I can maintain a very broadminded point of view. I've got no desire to become obsessed with one idea; not unless it can be proven without room for doubt. So far, nobody can fully satisfy me in that respect.

What Von Daniken is saying, is that none of our history is our history. Now, okay, maybe there are some things which at present have no definite explanation. I think that if everyone would just look for the

truth, and stop pursuing his own theories, they just might come up with the real answers. But, as long as the amateurs and the professionals keep trying to make the other one look like an idiot, they're not going to get anywhere.

The theories about how we got here are limitless. We've got the Biblical bit. God, the angels, Lucifer, the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve, etc. There's the Atlantean theory, that we all came from Atlantis, or that primitive man and the Atlanteans co-existed, with us mimicking them. Then there's one about how the Garden of Eden was really on Venus. Or that we were 'seeded' by another race from another system or galaxy for that matter. And this is but one small sampling.

Anyway, it is fascinating, if somewhat idiotic at times. I don't mean to say that Von Daniken is wrong, but that doesn't necessarily mean that he's right, either. The court is still in session, and it's going to be a long time before the jury begins its deliberation. And even longer before the verdict comes in, if the problem is ever really resolved.

In your "Books of the Gods," you skipped two books, which are rather interesting. ATLANTIS by Brad Steiger, and OUR HAUNTED PLANET by John A. Keel. The first one is self-explanatory. The other one, though, is really fascinating. You ought to pick up a copy, it's really very interesting.

That's all I've got to say about the subject. I'm neither for, nor against, I'm open to all and any suggestions.

Peace.

R.A. Brothers
P.O. Box 733
Basalt, CO 81621

Dear Marvel;

I am writing to comment on MARVEL PREVIEW #1, MAN GODS FROM BEYOND THE STARS.

In a word: DEEP.

And that is just what I mean. It's one of the deepest books Marvel has ever attempted to do. That Thomas/Moench/Nino "Beyond the Stars" story was one of the most heavily over-written comic stories I've ever seen. Same for the Wolfman job on "GOOD LORD!", although at least his story lightened up as he got into it more.

But MAN-GODS FROM BEYOND THE STARS was just too much. As a Novella, I'd say great. Expand it into a novel maybe. Again, terrific. But it has about four hundred percent too much dialogue for a medium like Comics, where action and fast-moving plot is the byword.

Nino's art was nice, as usual, but I reiterate from my earlier letter about Alex Nino. Greeat artist, but can't tell a story to save himself. The art was suitable for framing, but it was vague and too 'artsy' in a lot of places, making it hard to follow, and because of an already-heavily-over-written script, the script became almost impossible to follow.

By the way, were some of those 'Peru . . . Jan' . . ." Datelines typographic errors? You had two Jan 28ths and one Jan 29th, sandwiched between. Another complicating vagurie.

In all, the issue wasn't bad, as far as first issues go, and I'm glad to see Roy and company trying something innovative. You'll never know how something will go over unless you try it.

But in all honesty, I'll be awfully glad to see the Punisher try his shot in the book. I feel much more positive about his potential than I ever would about 'Man-Gods.'

Oh, and by the way. The Neal Adams cover was possibly the sloppiest thing he's done for anybody in over two years. Please, he is a great artist; don't let him give you less than his best.

Sincerely Yours,

Steve Clement
15 Campbell Terrace,
Pawtucketr, RI 02860
(401) 724-4955

People

I found Doug Moench's story and Alex Nino's art for MARVEL PREVIEW #1, MAN-GODS FROM BEYOND THE STARS, more palatable than the theories which inspired it all. One reason I have not read Von Daniken's books has been because, without empirical knowledge, I can't evaluate the worth of his theories; however, I wonder which idea shows more creative imagination—that somehow, in ways that we don't know because the knowledge has been lost, ancient peoples were able to accomplish much that we today find nearly impossible, or that benign beings from up there came down and did it all?

Respectfully

J. Wayne Sadler
332 East Adams Street
Jacksonville, FLA 32202

Dear PREVIEW PEOPLE,

Having just read the first issue of Marvel Preview I would like to comment on a very well done issue. In the main story, MAN-GODS FROM BEYOND THE STARS, the plot was very well conceived. The theory that men had visitors long ago and that we are the descendants of these visitors is very interesting. The parallel between Raaman and the Chieftain showed the similar human qualities of authority and compassion shared by the men. Although the story was very good, most of the art looked a little sketchy (as if hurried), but I really did enjoy the last page of the story (49).

"GOOD LORD!" was FANTASTIC! The idea that GOD is not in human form and that he sends out prophets to the various worlds is really far out!! (Or maybe not so far out?!) The art in this story made up for the previous one—it was excellent.

In a future issue(s) it would be great to see a comic book adaptation of J.R. Tolkien's classic: THE HOBBIT. I'm sure Marvel has many a capable writer who could author such an issue. A superb fantasy artist (in my opinion) such as Mike Ploog, Frank Bruner, or maybe Val Mayerik would really bring the characters to life. If it was a success maybe the LORD OF THE RINGS could be portrayed. This could even lead to new stories as in THE PLANET OF THE APES.

Well until THOR goes bald, MAKE MINE MARVEL!

Mark Worthen
8360 Prestwick Drive
La Jolla, CA 92037

P.S. If Tolkien isn't possible, how about the aforementioned "baldy"??

Dear Marvel,

In regards to MAN-GODS FROM BEYOND THE STARS: You've cashed in on the Von Daniken gambit in spades! Even an article on the man himself! Von D.'s "discovery" just so happened at a time when the cosmic slot machine was due to pay off. Others have pondered the "alien influence" question before him and there are enough oddities on this Earth just waiting to be interpreted for anyone's purpose. I don't swallow Von D.'s ideas as a whole—his fanatic approach shuts me off—but he does raise an entertaining idea.

The intial story in the magazine was entertaining and well scripted, and, while I thought the man-gods themselves were too Aryan, the artwork was a delight. The love scene was beautifully done.

If you're planning this saga as a continuous story you'll have to do something educational (a nice change?). Our evolution and history is fact and if you attempt anything else you'll have another Barbarian magazine on your hands. An attempt at education wouldn't be a bad idea.

GOOD LORD posed an interesting question to me. If you destroy the Creator do you necessarily destroy creation? Also the idea of God as NOT in OUR image is terrific. Nuff said.

All in all, I think you have a hit there—it's good to see something besides vampires and overworked monsters.

Patience Graymalkin
Box 1
New Hamburg, NY 12560

So, there you have it; a general consensus on MARVEL PREVIEW. To take the ideas one by one—

1.) ANY ideas are possible. LUKE CAGE, as a matter of fact, was already mentioned by someone, as a passing thought, for an upcoming issue—so one of these days don't be surprised if you see Marvel's #1 POWERMAN in a future issue of MP. Naturally, tho', this isn't to be taken as a promise—only a possibility.

The likelihood of THE HOBBIT popping up is not quite as great. THE HOBBIT, as well as the LORD OF THE RINGS, is something you don't tamper with lightly. So, if a comic-book adaptation of such a major work of fiction were undertaken, it obviously has to be done with the utmost of thought and care. (This is not to say that any OTHER feature in this book—or any other Marvel for that matter—isn't thoughtfully produced; it's just that EXTRA care has to be taken on work that isn't first-hand Marvel.)

As a matter of fact, we'd very mch like to hear just what ideas YOU'D like to see tried in the pages of this mag. WE have a near-endless list of possibilities, but there's always a chance we haven't thought of something YOU have—so let us know what you have in mind.

2.) We don't agree with Craig Peters' statement about what the purpose of this book should be. Naturallyl, not every feature we'll present will be meant for a regular series, exactly; but the reason behind this mag is to present ideas to you—the buying public—to see if you're willing to support any particular one on a regularly-saleable basis.

As to whether any of them were to become "boring" if they DID get their own series, it would NOT depend so much on the "seriesability" of the idea, but on what we at Marvel DID with it. And, we think we have a pretty good track record when it comes to making good series out of ideas that the vocal public had doubts about. (Witness our color TOMB OF DRACULA and MAN-THING titles, for example.) So, trust us—we don't think you'll be sorry.

3.) Well, Mark, you win our Crystal-Ball-Of-The-Month Award for your "P.S." about "baldy." As you know if you saw our "Next Issue" page in the back of this mag, MARVEL PREVIEW #3 will star THOR (with a nice back-up strip called "HERCULES"). See how easy we are to work with?

Guess that about wraps it up for this first MARVEL PREVIEW letters page. Now, how 'bout sending us all your comments on THIS issue, so we'll have something to fill up next ish's col?

FACTFUL FEATURES AND FANTASTIC FRIVOLITY FORMED AND FERMENTED FROM FRUGAL-MINDED ARMADILLOES!

ITEM: Things are so topsy-turvy, inside-out and turned around right now, here at the Mighty Marvel bombastic Black and White line, that we don't even know where to begin telling you what's new. But, hang on tight, true believer, 'cause we're going to give it a try!

ITEM: First of all, welcome aboard ARCHIE GOODWIN, whom many of you will remember as scripter supreme for Marvel a few short years ago. If you haven't already read the erudite editorials in PLANET OF THE APES, and THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU, ARTFUL ARCHIE will be taking over the editorial reigns from DAUNTLESS DON McGREGOR (no, Don, you don't get an "emeritus" credit). So give a hello and a big welcome to probably the only person in the whole blamed batty bullpen who can do an impersonation of Kirk Douglas' pet Canary!

ITEM: Unfortunately, into each life must come a little rain. Marvel, it seems, more and more, is never satisfied to sit back and rest on its collective laurels. We've got about 6 all-new Black and White mags in the works that will amaze and astound you and probably set a whole kaboodle of pulse-pounding precedents in the field. But, to make room for these new titles, we have been forced to cancel some older mags. So, it's farewell to DRACULA LIVES, VAMPIRE TALES and SAVAGE TALES. But don't you worry – you'll be too busy praising our NEW ventures into the field to even miss 'em. 'Nuff said!

ITEM: And, winging your way at about the same time, will be the FIRST of those aforementioned NEW titles – DOC SAVAGE #1, including a heart-stopping, never-to-be-forgotten 53-page epic by DOUG MOENCH and JOHN BUSCEMA, a special full-length interview with GEORGE PAL (who made the film DOC SAVAGE) conducted by CHRIS CLAREMONT and JIM HARMON. So what are you waiting for already – buy it!

ITEM: Now it can be – nay, it demands to be – told. Saying that our new titanic try-out title, MARVEL PREVIEW, was the hit of the season would be putting it mildly. The first issue featured MAN-GODS FROM BEYOND THE STARS and our second blazing bombshell featured none other than the pandemonious PUNISHER. So what, you ask, could we possibly have planned to top those previous two blockbusters. Well, hang onto your collective hats, Sahib – the star of the third issue is none other than THE MIGHTY THOR! You heard it right, THOR, with more power and glory and just plain ol' Marvel magic than you ever thought possible. But, far be it from us to boast, so we'll just say MARVEL PREVIEW #3 featuring THE MIGHTY THOR. You've only yourself to blame if you miss it.

ITEM: And, now, let's move right on into the MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST...

VAMPIRE TALES #11: The masquerade of fear on a lonely vessel crossing the vast sea – and in the middle of it is MORBIUS! Plus other tales of midnight madness. ON SALE APRIL 1.

MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES #7: Never before has there been anything like it – our own fabulous filmbook adaptation of HORROR OF DRACULA with exclusive stills and behind the scenes facts. Miss this not! ON SALE APRIL 8.

SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #6: Slashing swords and sorcering sages... and only Conan to stand against them. Epic heroic fantasy at its best! ON SALE APRIL 8.

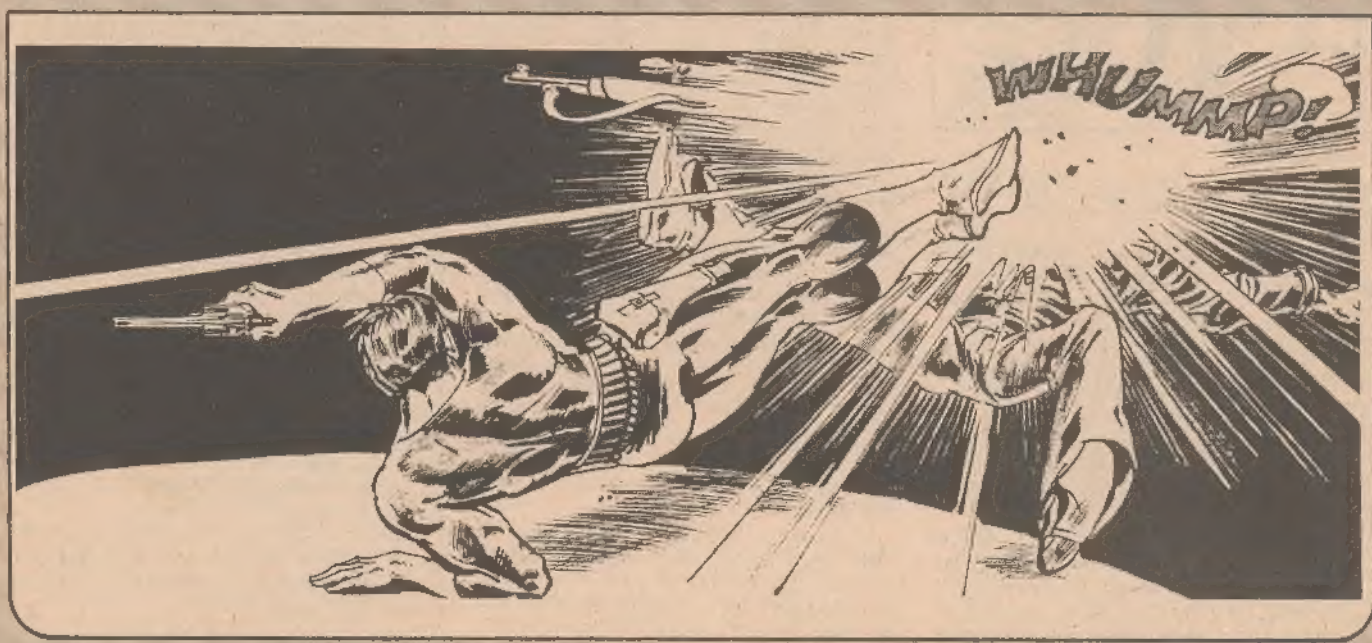
PLANET OF THE APES #9: Beginning – the first half of an all-new apes epic, "Kingdom on an Island of the Apes" by DOUG MOENCH and RICO RIVAL. And leave us not forget our ever-continuing, ape-lauded adaptation of "Beneath the Planet of the Apes"! ON SALE APRIL 15.

UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION #4: It's back – and better than ever. Adaptations of science fiction works by the worlds greatest SF authors. Plus interviews, photos and facts. ON SALE APRIL 22.

DRACULA LIVES #13: Dracula stalks the night-shadowed alleys again in search of blood. An all-new fang-fantasy shocker. ON SALE MAY 1.

DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #13: Shang-Chi, master of kung fu, duels the most deadly of assassins, while the Tiger's Sons discover murder on the set of a Hollywood movie. Martial arts mystery and mayhem at its Marvel-ous best... plus photo and fact features to warm the karatekas of your heart. ON SALE MAY 8.

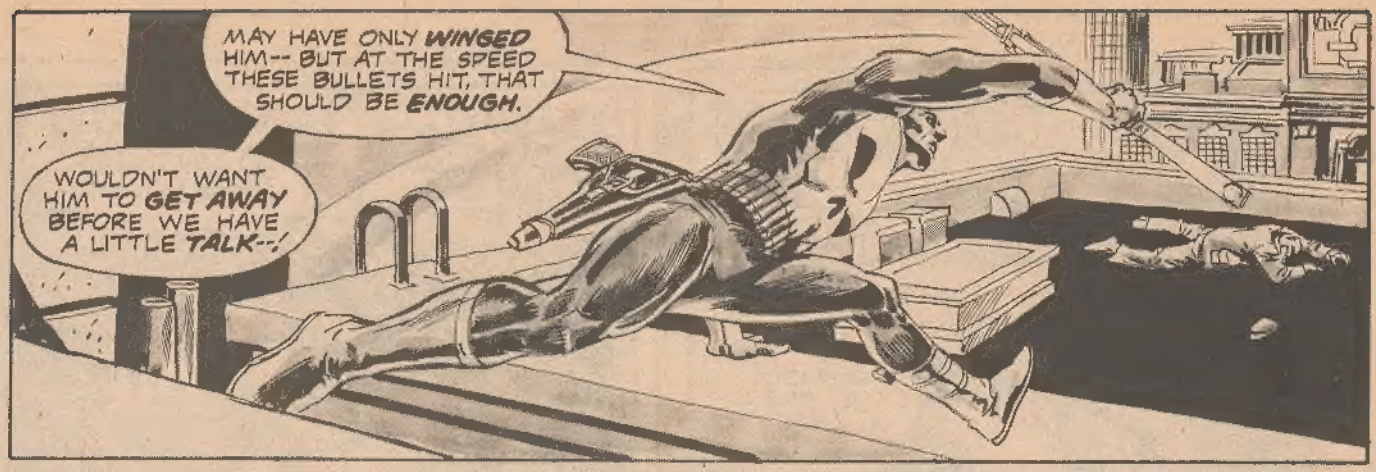
And now we'd like to pause for just a moment to relate some very serious bad news that took the Bullpen by suprise just a few short days ago. ARTIE SIMEK, long-time friend and one of the best letterers in the business, whose name has probably graced almost as many Marvel Comics as Stan's, passed away. We all cannot help but feel an acute sense of loss! Our tribute to him appears on our Letters pages as not all of our magazines carries the Bullpen Page.



PROLOGUE:
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 362: WALL STREET GETS CROWDED DURING THE LUNCH HOUR. THESE NARROW TWISTING STREETS IN DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN WERE MEANT FOR A SIMPLER DAY--WITH FEWER PEOPLE.
STILL, THE STREETS DO GET CROWDED, AS THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO RUN THE FINANCIAL WORLD IN AMERICA COME OUT INTO THE SPRING SUNLIGHT, LIKE GROUNDHOGS SEARCHING FOR A WARMER DAY.
IT'S THE PERFECT SPOT FOR A POLITICIAN TO MAKE A SPEECH.
IT'S ALSO THE PERFECT SPOT FOR AN ASSASSINATION.

Writer: GERRY CONWAY Artist: TONY DEZUNIGA

NAR JOURNAL NUMBER 362 CONTINUED: I'D RECEIVED A TIP EARLIER THAT MORNING--VAGUE AS TO DETAILS, CLEAR AS TO INTENT.
I DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE POLITICIAN HARANGUING THE CROWD BELOW--I'D HAD ENOUGH OF HIS KIND WHEN I WAS YOUNGER AND BELIEVED THAT SORT OF DRIVEL--
--BUT I KNEW WHAT ANOTHER ASSASSINATION WOULD DO TO THIS COUNTRY--AND THAT WAS SOMETHING I CARED ABOUT.
IT TOOK ME A FEW MINUTES, AND THEN I SAW MY MAN...
HE WAS ABOUT TO FIRE.
I FIRED FIRST!
PTHOW
PTHOW
PTHOW
AAAHH!


MAY HAVE ONLY WINGED HIM-- BUT AT THE SPEED THESE BULLETS HIT, THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH.
WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO GET AWAY BEFORE WE HAVE A LITTLE TALK--!

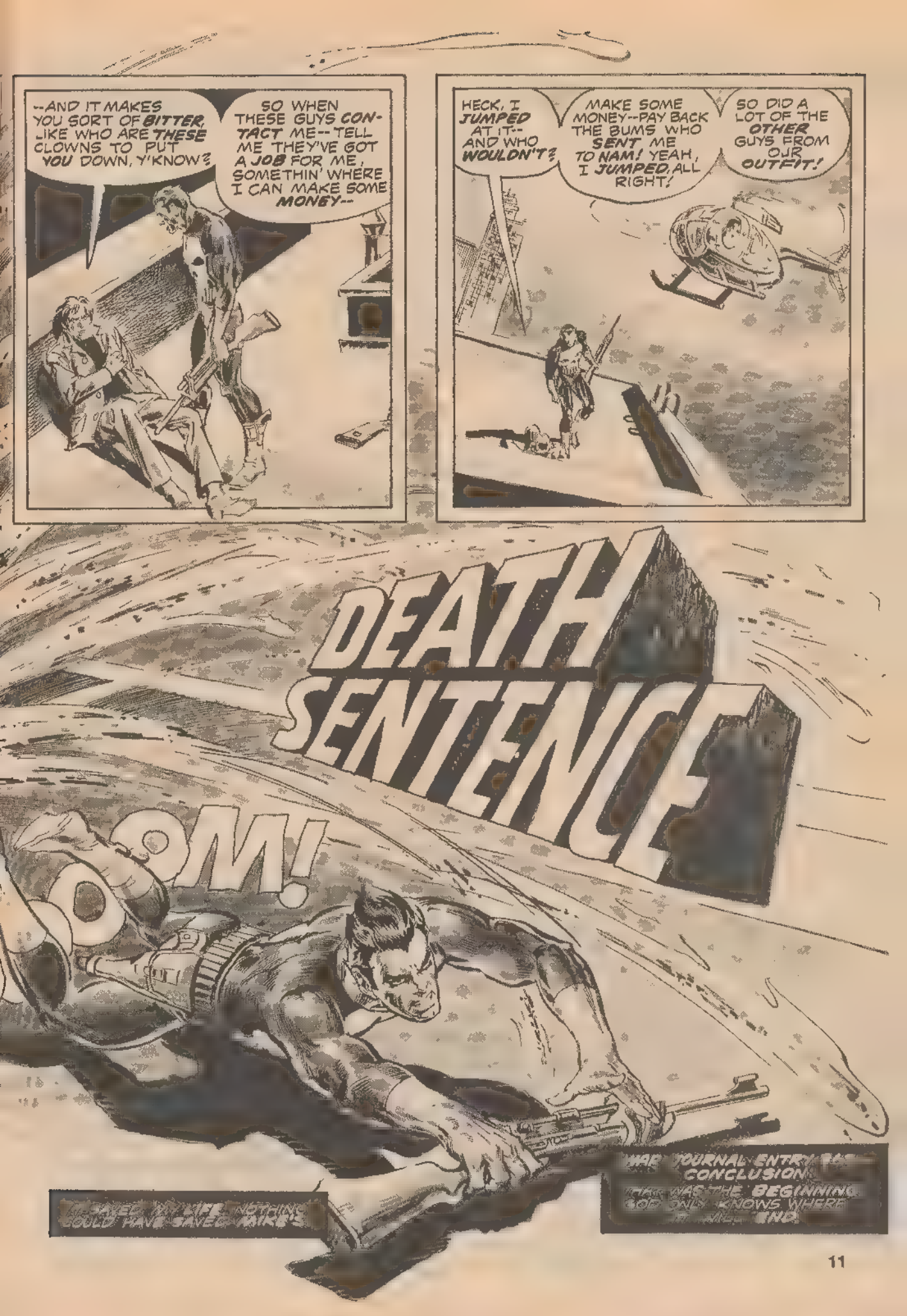
HE'S STUNNED --BUT STILL MOVING.
I'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM CREDIT. ANOTHER MAN WOULD'VE FOLDED UP FROM THE PAIN OF A SHOT LIKE THAT.
EVEN SO--

SORRY, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE THAT GUN.
A MAN IN YOUR CONDITION MIGHT HURT HIMSELF!
TWAKH!

WH-WHAT'S YOUR BEEF, BUSTER? YOU'RE --NOT A COP--!
JUST THINK OF ME AS A CONCERNED CITIZEN.
I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS THAT NEED ANSWERS, AND--

MIKE!? MIKE HAULEY!
YOU--!?

NAH! THIS IS-- A REAL JOKE, ISN'T IT? LAST TIME I SAW YOU WAS BACK IN THE NAM--DODGIN' CHARLIE'S MORTAR FIRE!
HOW'D--YOU END UP HERE? AND THAT CRAZY -- OUTFIT--!
THAT'S A LONG STORY, MIKE.
PROBABLY AS LONG AS YOURS--!
NAH, I'M JUST LIKE A LOT OF GUYS. YOU GET BACK HOME --NOBODY WANTS TO EVEN LOOK AT YOU--
LIKE YOU'RE SOME KIND 'A FREAK-- SOMETHIN' THAT CRAWLED OUT OF THE WOOD-WORK, Y'KNOW?
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS 'CAUSE OF A WAR LIKE THAT--
OTHER GUYS, MIKE? WHAT OTHER--
I BROKE OFF. YOU DEVELOP CERTAIN INSTINCTS WHEN YOU'RE IN THE WAR. ONE OF MINE WAS WARNING ME TO LOOK OUT--
BATHO
--AND I DID.

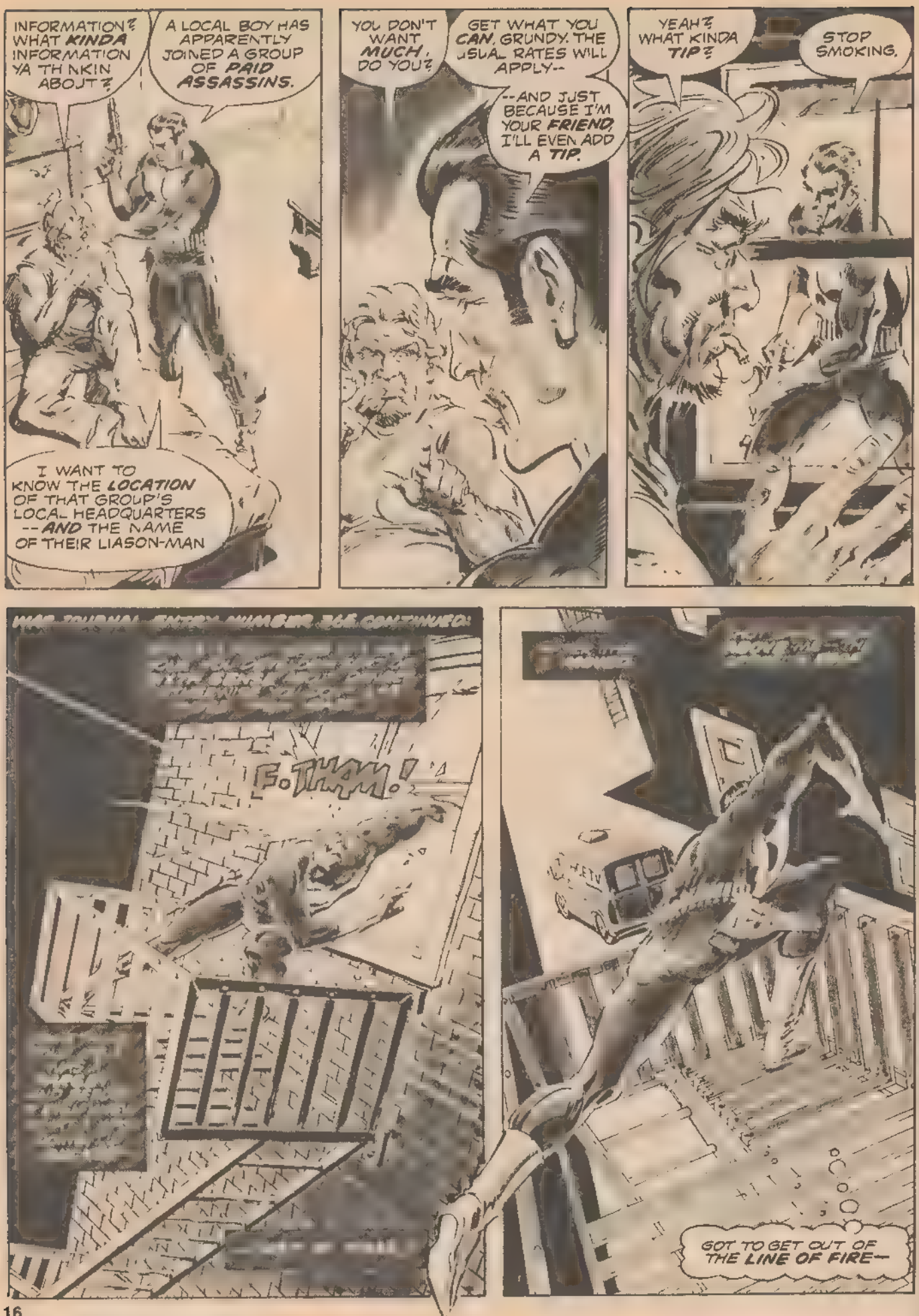

--AND IT MAKES YOU SORT OF BITTER, LIKE WHO ARE THESE CLOWNS TO PUT YOU DOWN, Y'KNOW?
SO WHEN THESE GUYS CONTACT ME--TELL ME THEY'VE GOT A JOB FOR ME, SOMETHIN' WHERE I CAN MAKE SOME MONEY--
HECK, I JUMPED AT IT--AND WHO WOULDN'T?
MAKE SOME MONEY--PAY BACK THE BUMS WHO SENT ME TO NAM! YEAH, I JUMPED, ALL RIGHT!
SO DID A LOT OF THE OTHER GUYS FROM OUR OUTFIT!
DEATH SENTENCE
BOOM!
NEVER WILL NOTHING COULD HAVE SAVED
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY CONCLUSION
THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF ONLY KNOWS WHERE
THE END

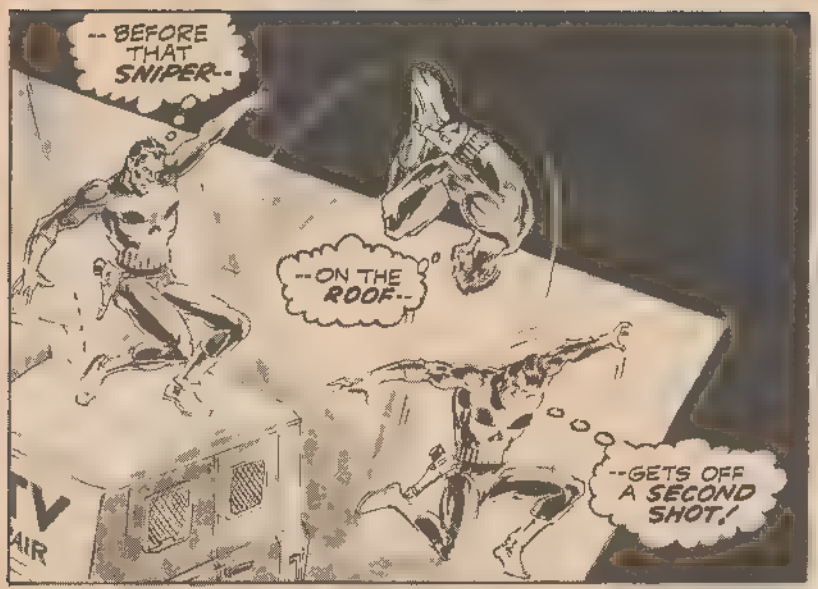
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 363 --INFORMATIONAL UPDATE:
MIKE HAULEY ENLISTED IN THE MARINES IN 1965-- WHEN IT WAS STILL FASHIONABLE FOR A MAN TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY.
AT THE TIME, HE WAS NINETEEN, WHEN I MET HIM TWO YEARS LATER IN VIET NAM, HE'D RISEN TO THE RANK OF SERGEANT--A RANK HELD UNTIL HE MUSTERED OUT, EIGHT MONTHS AGO.
HE WAS A TOUGH MAN, A GOOD SOLDIER-- AND A FRIEND. FRATERNIZATION BETWEEN A NON-COM AND AN OFFICER IS FROWNED UPON OFFICIALLY--
--BUT IN THE JUNGLES OF NAM, WE WERE A LONG WAY FROM THE NEAREST U.S.O.
MIKE TOLD ME ABOUT HIS WIFE--HIS FAMILY--AND HIS HOME.
IF I'M TO FIND OUT HOW MIKE WENT SOUR-- AND WHO WENT SOUR WITH HIM-- I'LL PROBABLY FIND THE ANSWERS THERE:
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS -- JUST OUTSIDE CHICAGO.
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY 363 CONCLUDES

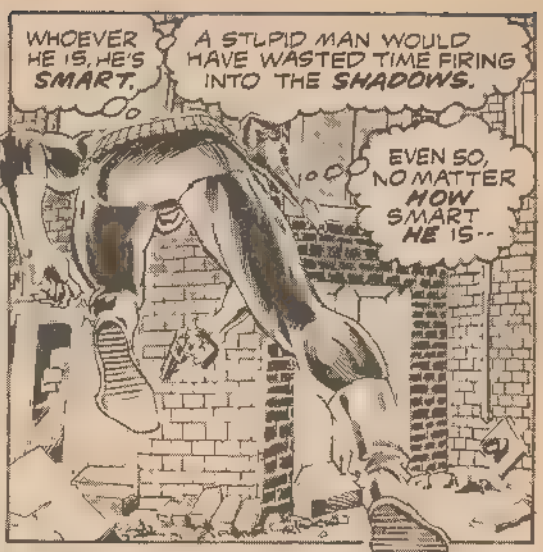
--ALREADY IDENTIFIED HIM, DAVE. HIS NAME'S HAULEY, AN EX-MARINE DISCHARGED LAST YEAR.
I HAD THE WASHINGTON BUREAU RUN A CHECK ON HIM, AND THEY SA.D--
I KNOW WHAT THEY SAID, ANDY.
"NO EVIDENCE OF PREVIOUS CRIMINAL ACTIVITY"-- JUST LIKE THE OTHER TWO.
OTHER TWO?
DO YOU THINK THE BUREAU WOULD SEND US DOWN HERE--IF IT WAS SIMPLY A LOCAL HOMICIDE?
NO, MY FRIEND-- THIS K.LLING'S PART OF A PATTERN-- AN UGLY PATTERN.
IT STARTED TWO MONTHS AGO, IN MIAMI--
MAYBE YOU HEARD ABOUT IT. A GUY NAMED JAMES JEFFERSON HOLT WAS SHOT DOWN DURING A RALLY FOR A NEW ULTRA CONSERVATIVE POLITICAL PAR...
THE SHOT CAME FROM UP ON THE CATWALK OVER THE SPEAKING PLATFORM.
PEACE FOR ALL
THE SNIPER WAS A PRO. HE USED A .30 CALIBRE M1 CARBINE. HOLT WITH ONE SHOT.
ALMOST GOT AWAY, TOO.
EXIT

SPOWW!
TWO WEEKS AGO, THERE WAS ANOTHER ASSASSINATION IN LOS ANGELES. THIS TIME, THE SNIPER WAS KILLED DURING A GUN BATTLE WITH THE POLICE.
BOTH MEN WERE EX-G.I.'S DISCHARGED IN THE PAST YEAR.
NEITHER MAN HAD A RECORD OF CRIMINAL ACTIVITY--IN OR OUT OF THE SERVICE.
SOMETHING'S GOING ON, MY FRIEND--
AND DAVE HAMILTON IS GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT.
LIQUORS
HARDWA
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 365
METROPOLIS

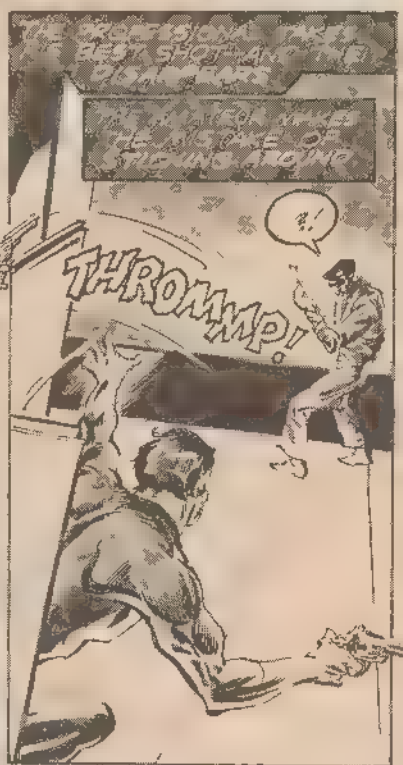
IT'S CHICAGO
ACE TV
REPAIR
KLIK
YAAAAAHHH--!
TAKE IT EASY, GRUNDY. IT'S ONLY ME.
GEEZ... GEEZ... WATCH THAT STUFF, WILLYA? YA ALMOST GAVE ME A HEART ATTACK.
GEEZ.
I WANT SOME INFORMATION, GRUNDY. CONSIDERING HOW WELL WE WORKED THE LAST TIME I WAS IN CHI, I THOUGHT WE MIGHT WORK TOGETHER AGAIN.
PIERRE


INFORMATION? WHAT KINDA INFORMATION YA THINKIN ABOUT?
A LOCAL BOY HAS APPARENTLY JOINED A GROUP OF PAID ASSASSINS.
I WANT TO KNOW THE LOCATION OF THAT GROUP'S LOCAL HEADQUARTERS --AND THE NAME OF THEIR LIASON-MAN
YOU DON'T WANT MUCH, DO YOU?
GET WHAT YOU CAN, GRUNDY. THE USUAL RATES WILL APPLY--
--AND JUST BECAUSE I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'LL EVEN ADD A TIP.
YEAH? WHAT KINDA TIP?
STOP SMOKING.
WAS YOUR LAST ENTRY HUMOR, SIR, OR CONTINUED?
F-THWAM!
GOT TO GET OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE--

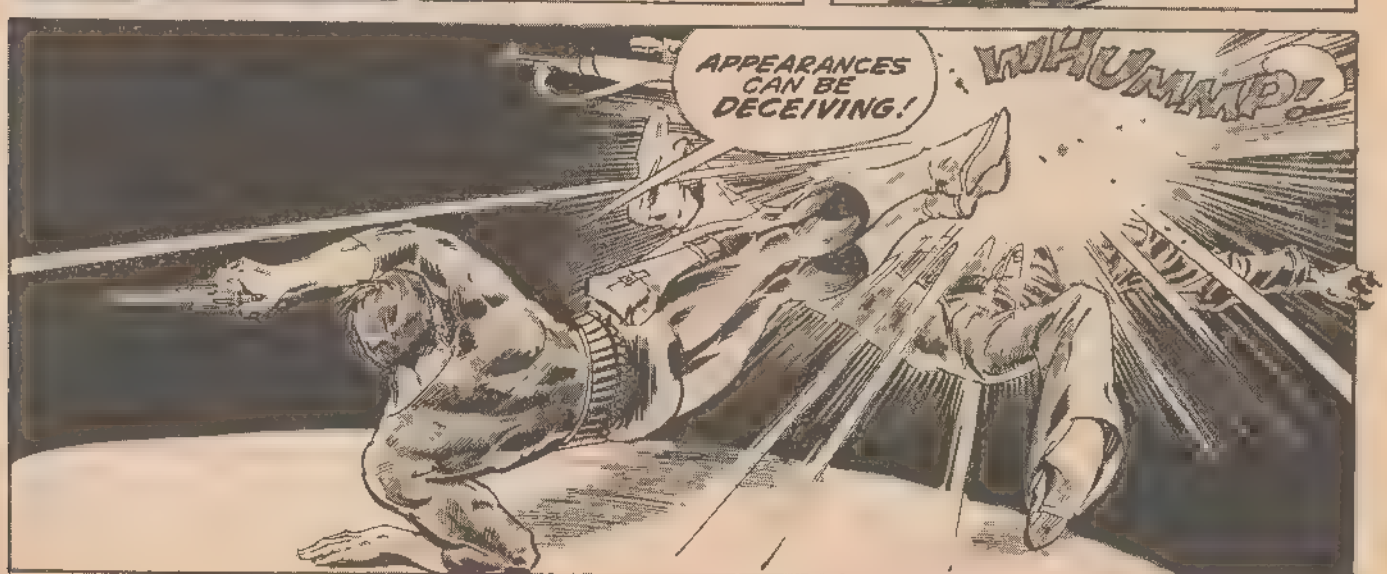

-- BEFORE THAT SNIPER--
--ON THE ROOF--
--GETS OFF A SECOND SHOT!


WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S SMART.
A STUPID MAN WOULD HAVE WASTED TIME FIRING INTO THE SHADOWS.
EVEN SO, NO MATTER HOW SMART HE IS--

--I'M BETTING I'M A WHOLE LOT SMARTER.
WAR JOURNAL CONTINUES BATTLE REPORT: THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A PROFESSIONAL KILLER AND A (ALLEGED) AMATEUR? THIS.


?!
THROMMP!

I SHOT YOU-- SAW YOU FALL--! YOU GOTTA BE DEAD--DEAD!
SPOW
K-SPANG!
HADN'T YOU HEARD, YOUNGSTER?


APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEIVING!
WHUMMP!

WAR JOURNAL: CONTINUED: THE SNIPER WAS STUNNED. I LET HIM LIE THERE, THINKING ABOUT HIS RUPTURED INTESTINES, WHILE I TOOK A LOOK AT HIS WEAPON...
AN ARMALITE AR-180. THE SAME SORT OF CARBINE MIKE HAULEY USED.
A FANCY PIECE OF EQUIPMENT, PUNK--
--MIND TELLING ME WHERE A CHUNK OF SCUM LIKE YOU PICKED UP A RIFLE LIKE THIS?
AIN'T TELLING YOU A THING, CREEP.
HAVE IT YOUR WAY. IF YOU DON'T TELL ME, YOU TELL THE MAN.
SHOOT, I DON'T HAVE TO TELL ANYBODY ANYTHING.
GOT ME A GADGET THAT'LL BURN YOUR--
ZZZM
AAASSHH!
MY GOD.

(Continued on page 20)

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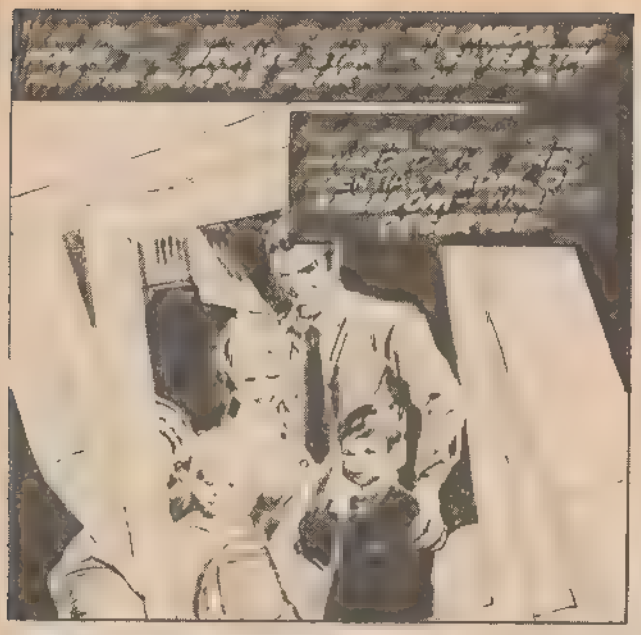
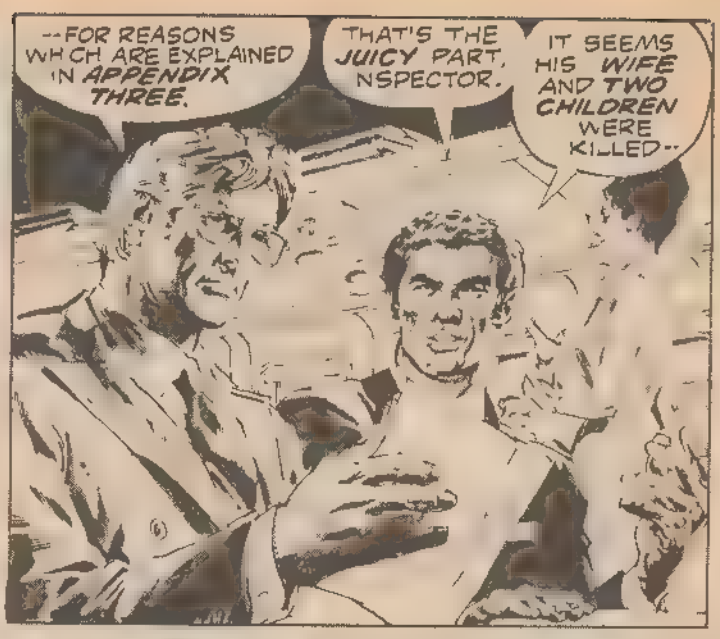
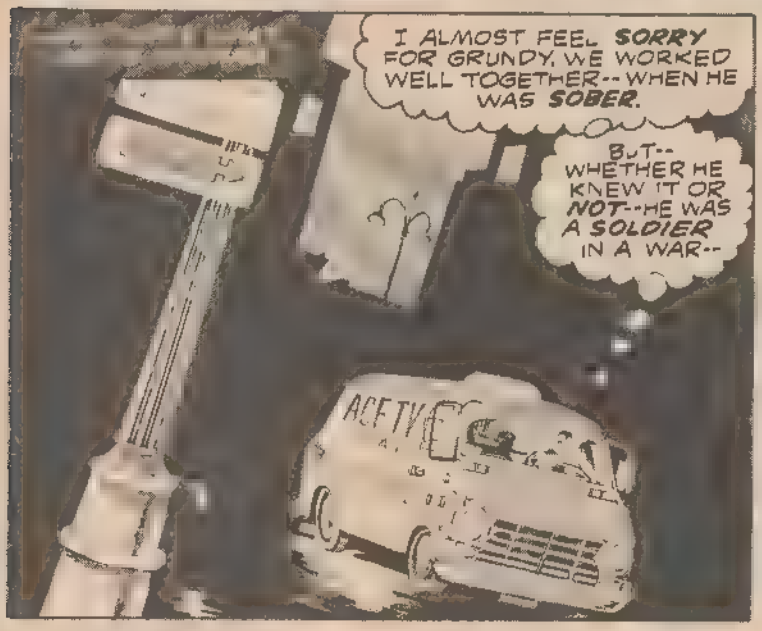
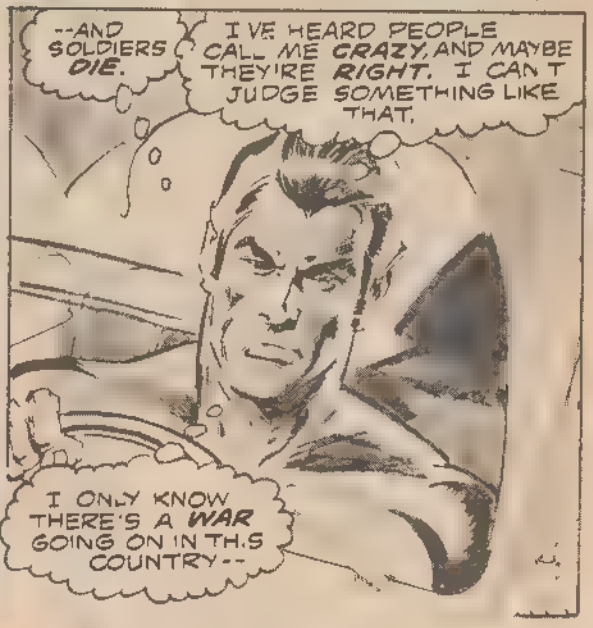
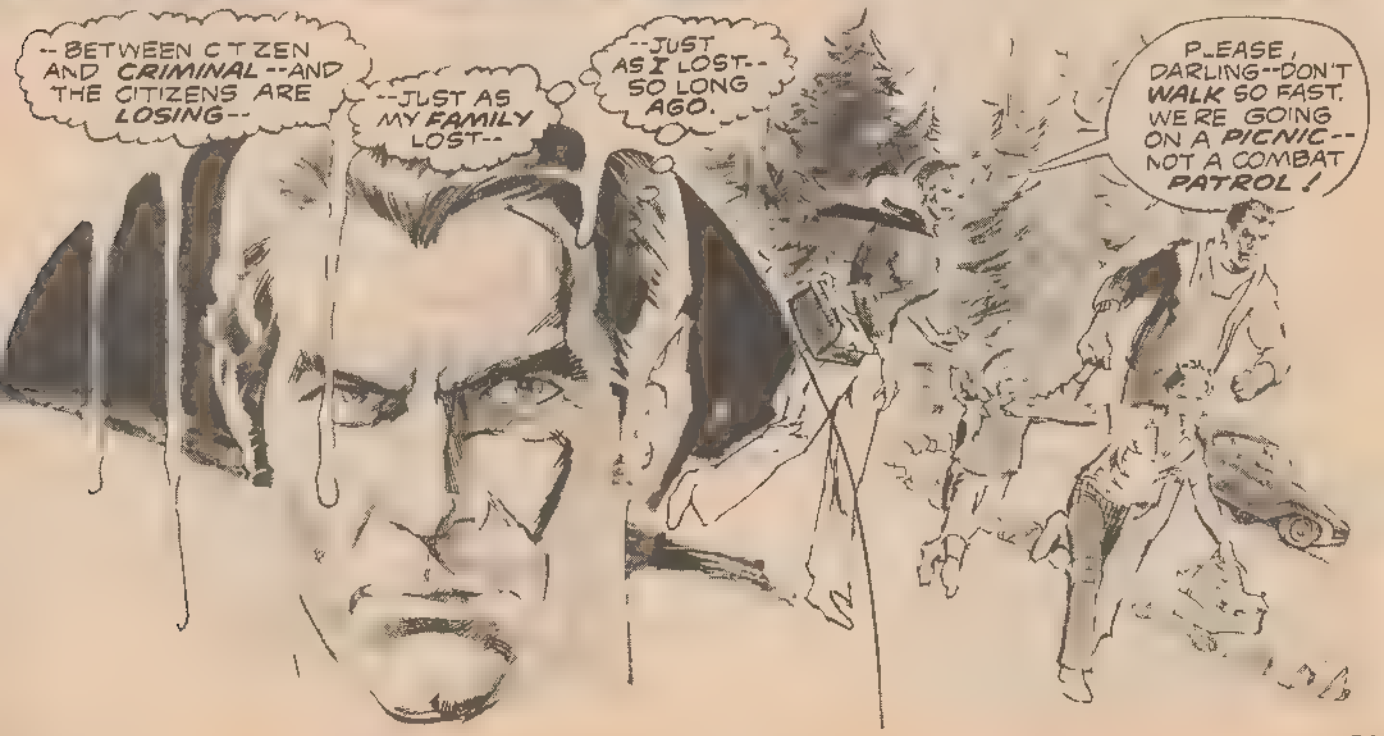
WAR JOURNAL NUMBER 365--CONCLUSION
SEEMS I'VE BEEN ENDING UP WITH A LOT OF DEAD SNIPERS ON ROOFTOPS LATELY.
--AND WITH GRUNDY DEAD, VICTIM OF HIS OWN RULE, THE HAND OF DEATH AT ALL TIMES--
--TOOK SOME DIGGING, BUT WE'VE GOT THE DOSSIER YOU WANTED, INSPECTOR HAMILTON
THE MARINES ARE PRETTY TOUCHY ABOUT THIS GUY--
--AND CONSIDERING THIS MAN'S RECORD, I DON'T BLAME THEM.
SOON AFTER HE STARTED THIS PRIVATE WAR OF HIS, THE NEWS COMMENTATORS DUBBED HIM THE PUNISHER--
THAT'S HOW HE GOT THE NAME --WHY HE KEPT IT, I DON'T KNOW.
I THINK I DO, MORGANSTERN.
LISTEN TO HIS RECORD: SUBJECT WAS TWICE PROMOTED IN THE FIELD, IN RECOGNITION OF HIS EXTRAORDINARY COMBAT ABILITY--



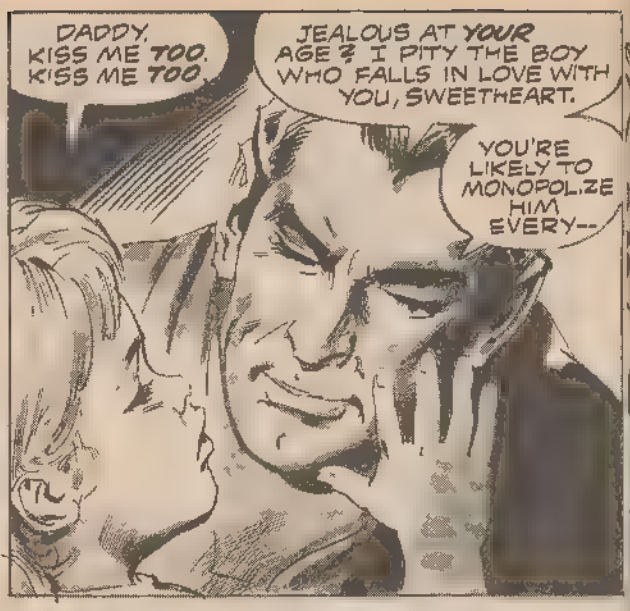

--FOR REASONS WHICH ARE EXPLAINED IN APPENDIX THREE.
THAT'S THE JUICY PART, INSPECTOR.
IT SEEMS HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN WERE KILLED--


I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR GRUNDY. WE WORKED WELL TOGETHER--WHEN HE WAS SOBER.
BUT--WHETHER HE KNEW IT OR NOT--HE WAS A SOLDIER IN A WAR--
ACE TV

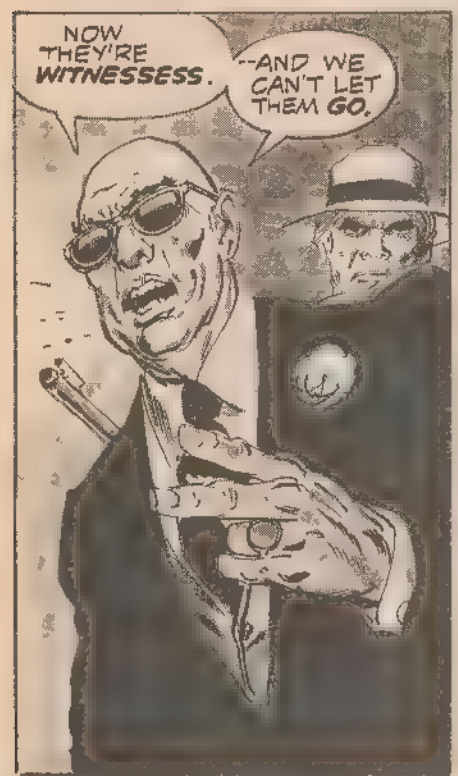

--AND SOLDIERS DIE.
I'VE HEARD PEOPLE CALL ME CRAZY, AND MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT. I CAN'T JUDGE SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
I ONLY KNOW THERE'S A WAR GOING ON IN THIS COUNTRY--


--BETWEEN CITIZEN AND CRIMINAL--AND THE CITIZENS ARE LOSING--
--JUST AS MY FAMILY LOST--
--JUST AS I LOST--SO LONG AGO.
PLEASE, DARLING--DON'T WALK SO FAST. WE'RE GOING ON A PICNIC--NOT A COMBAT PATROL!

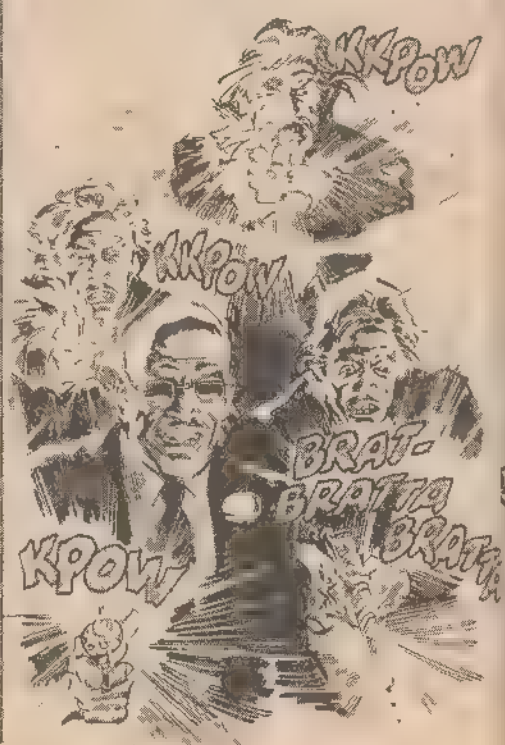
OLD HABITS DIE HARD. THIS IS THE FIRST MORN NG IN ALMOST A YEAR WHEN I HAVEN'T WAKENED IN A SLEEPING BAG.
IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME.
MMMM. YOU KNOW IT, HANDSOME MAN.


DADDY. KISS ME TOO. KISS ME TOO.
JEALOUS AT YOUR AGE? I PITY THE BOY WHO FALLS IN LOVE WITH YOU, SWEETHEART.
YOU'RE LIKELY TO MONOPOLIZE HIM EVERY--

DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN.
SEEMS WE'VE GOT COMPANY, BRUNO.
TOO BAD FOR THEM THEY WANDERED IN DURING OUR LITTLE FAMILY EXECUTION--!!


NOW THEY'RE WITNESSESS.
--AND WE CAN'T LET THEM GO.

GET OUT OF HERE, HONEY! RUN!!


KKPOW
KKPOW
BRAT-A-BRATTA BRATT
KPOW

THEY'RE-- THEY'RE GONE NOW-- MUST HAVE THOUGHT--WE WERE DEAD.
I THINK I'VE BEEN-- SHOT-- HONEY, DON'T WORRY--NOTHING--
-- SERIOUS--?
HONEY?
ANSWER M--
NO.
DEAR LORD, NO--
NOOOOOOO
LORD.
THE CHILDREN TOO?
THE CHILDREN TOO.
AFTER A THING LIKE THAT, I SUPPOSE A MAN DOES GO--MAD.

BUT AT THIS POINT IN THE WAR--
--IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER.
ACE TV
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 366
SOURCE OF INFORMATION IN CHICAGO
TO GO INSIDE FOR
WITH MY ONE OUTSIDE
AND I HAVE
AND THIS CHILD?
YES? IF YOU WANT MY MOTHER, SHE ISN'T HERE.
I'LL WAIT FOR HER-- IF THAT'S ALL R.GHT WITH YOU.
WELL--I SUPPOSE T'S OKAY. MOTHER WENT NEXT DOOR. SHE SAID SHE'D BE BACK IN A MINUTE.
ARE YOU A FR.END OF MY FATHER'S?
I WAS-- ONCE.

WHO ARE YOU... WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?
HE'S A FRIEND OF DADDY'S.
TOMMY, I'VE TOLD YOU NEVER TO TALK TO STRANGERS. YOU NEVER KNOW--
WAIT A MOMENT. I'VE SEEN YOU ON T.V.-- ON THE NEWS--!
YOU'RE THE MAN WHO KILLED MY MICHAEL!
HOLD IT--
I SAID, HOLD IT.
MURDERER! HOW DARE YOU COME HERE! DO YOU WANT TO MURDER US TOO? IS THAT WHAT YOU--
SMAK!
I'M SORRY, MRS. HAULEY, ABOUT THAT-- AND ABOUT MIKE.
THE POLICE MUST HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT HAPPENED.
GO AWAY. JUST GO AWAY. I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU --I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU--

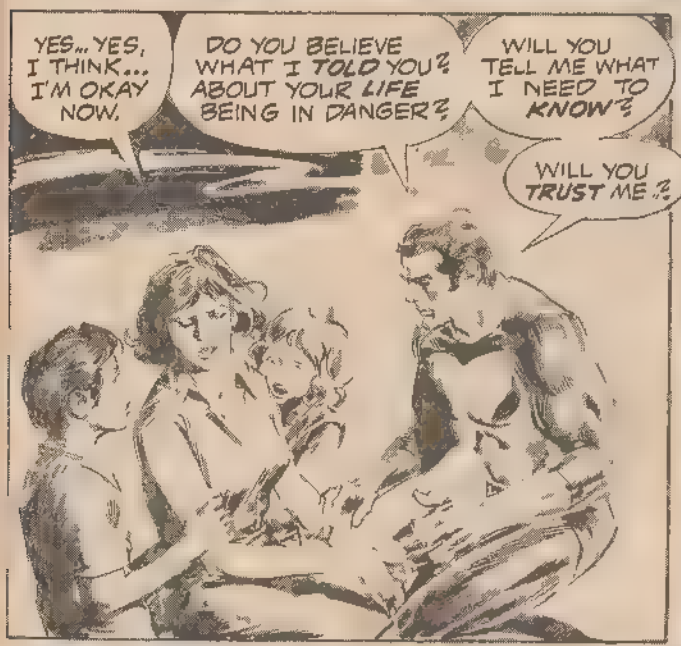
PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME.
MIKE WAS IN TROUBLE, MORE TROUBLE THAN HE KNEW. HE WAS HIRED BY SOMEONE--
--HIRED TO BE AN ASSASSIN.
EVEN IF I HADN'T SHOT HIM, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED--BY THEM.
IT'S HAPPENED TO THEIR OTHER ASSASSINS. MIKE WAS DOOMED THE DAY HE SIGNED UP.
AND UNLESS YOU HELP ME--YOU'RE DOOMED, AS WELL.
I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING. YOU'RE INSANE!
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 366--CONTINUED: MAKING HER BELIEVE ME WAS GOING TO BE A PROBLEM OR WOULD HAVE BEEN A PROBLEM, IF SOMEONE HADN'T CHOSEN THAT MOMENT TO INTERFERE.
SOMETHING CRASHED THROUGH THE WINDOW AS I RAN FOR THE DOOR, BLAZING FIREBALL
KRASSH!
AND EXPLODING INTO FLAME!
WHUMM-MO
MOMMY! MOMMY!
NO!

I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED MIKE HAULEY'S EMPLOYER WOULD HAVE THIS HOUSE UNDER SURVEILLANCE--
PROBABLY THE ONLY REASON THEY DIDN'T ACT BEFORE THIS--
--WAS BECAUSE THEY WANTED TO CATCH ME WITH THESE PEOPLE -- AND DISPOSE OF FOUR AWKWARD BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!
DAMN! ANOTHER FIRE-BALL--RIGHT IN THE DOORWAY!
WHICH WAY TO THE BACK DOOR?
SHE'S NOT EVEN HEARING ME--MUST BE IN A STATE OF SHOCK.
CAN'T STOP FOR HER NOW--HAVE TO GET THE CHILDREN OUT FIRST--
--AND COME BACK FOR HER--LATER!!
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 366 --CONTINUED: THE KIDS WERE ALREADY UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE SMOKE THEY'D INHALED--A FACT I WAS GRATEFUL FOR, SINCE THEY WOULDN'T STRUGGLE AGAINST ME.

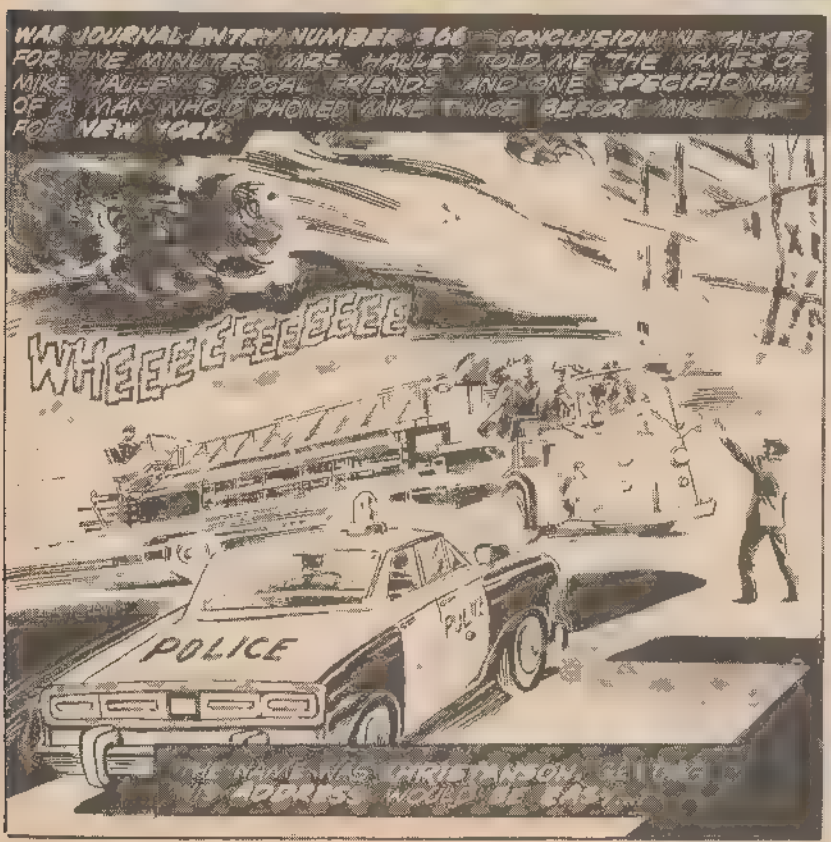
THE CHILDREN WILL BE ALL RIGHT-- AND AT ANY RATE, I CAN'T SPEND ANY MORE TIME WITH THEM--
--NOT IF I'M GOING TO SAVE THEIR MOTHER!
THE KITCHEN WAS AN INFERNO
HE WASN'T BETTER.
MIKE'S BOSS KNOWS HOW TO DO A JOB. THIS ENTIRE HOUSE WILL BE GUTTED BEFORE A SINGLE FIREMAN ARRIVES.
HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY--
-- OTHERWISE NEITHER MRS. HAULEY NOR I STAND A CHANCE OF GETTING OUT ALIVE!

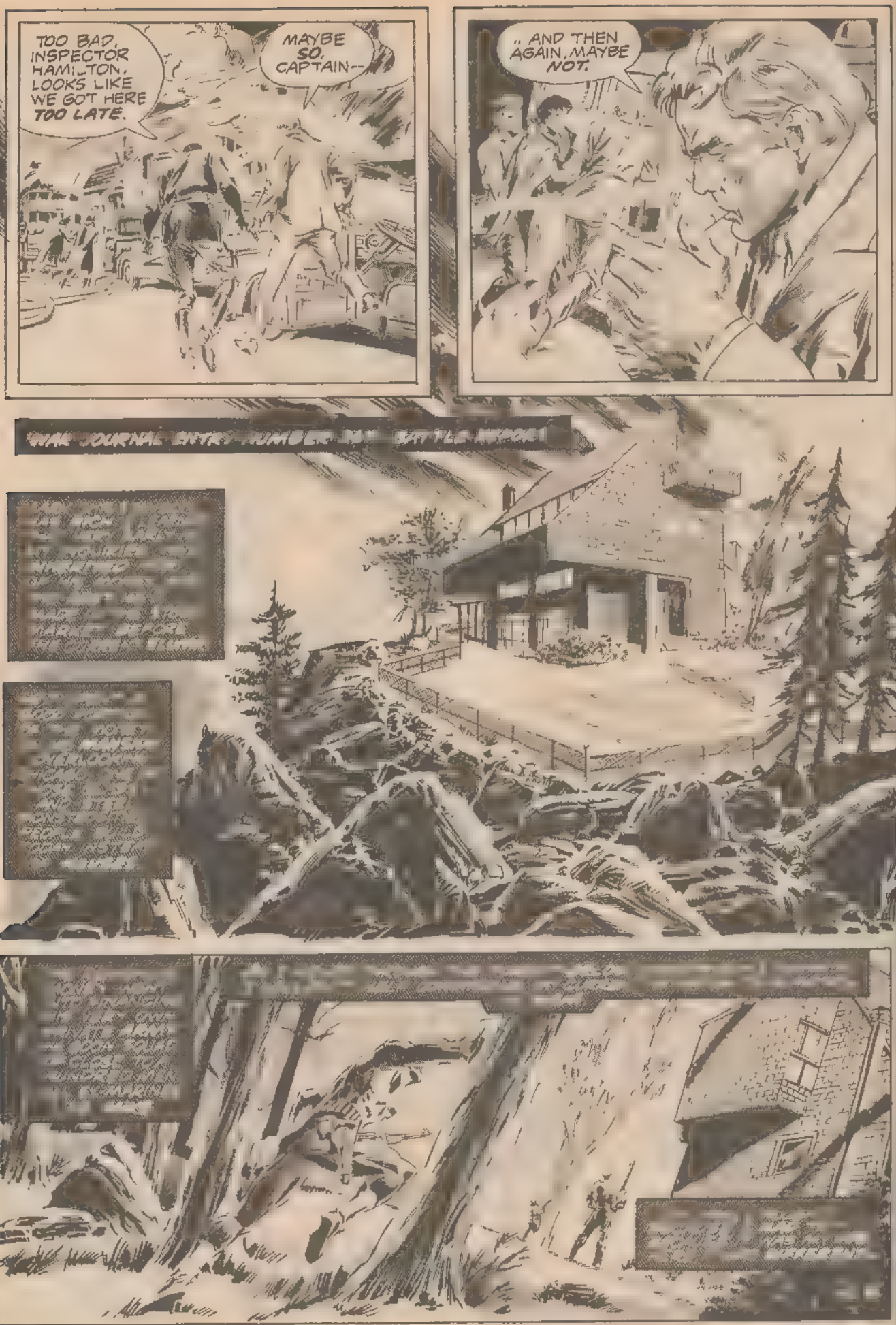
.....?

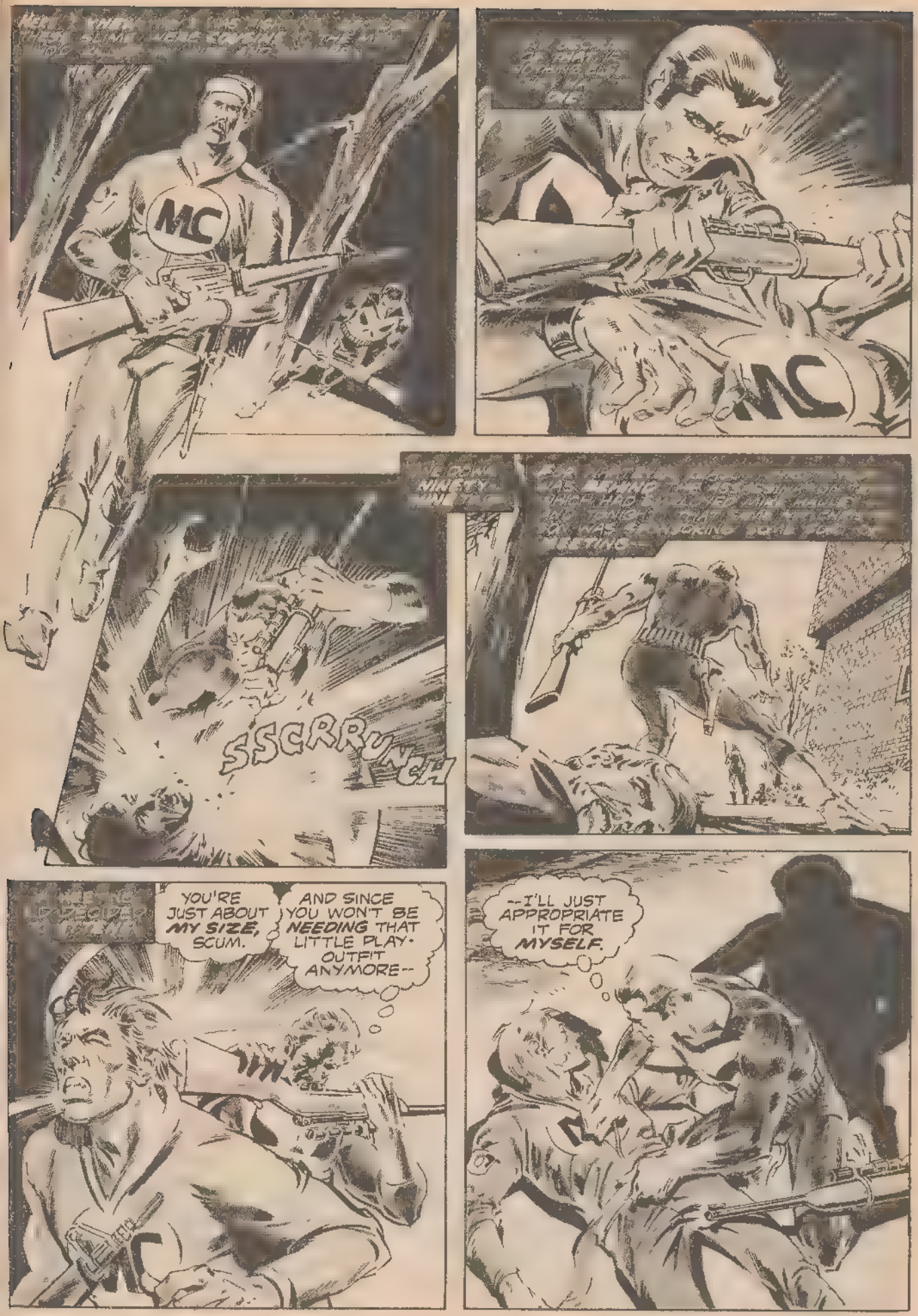
I ASKED IF YOU'RE ALL RIGHT...

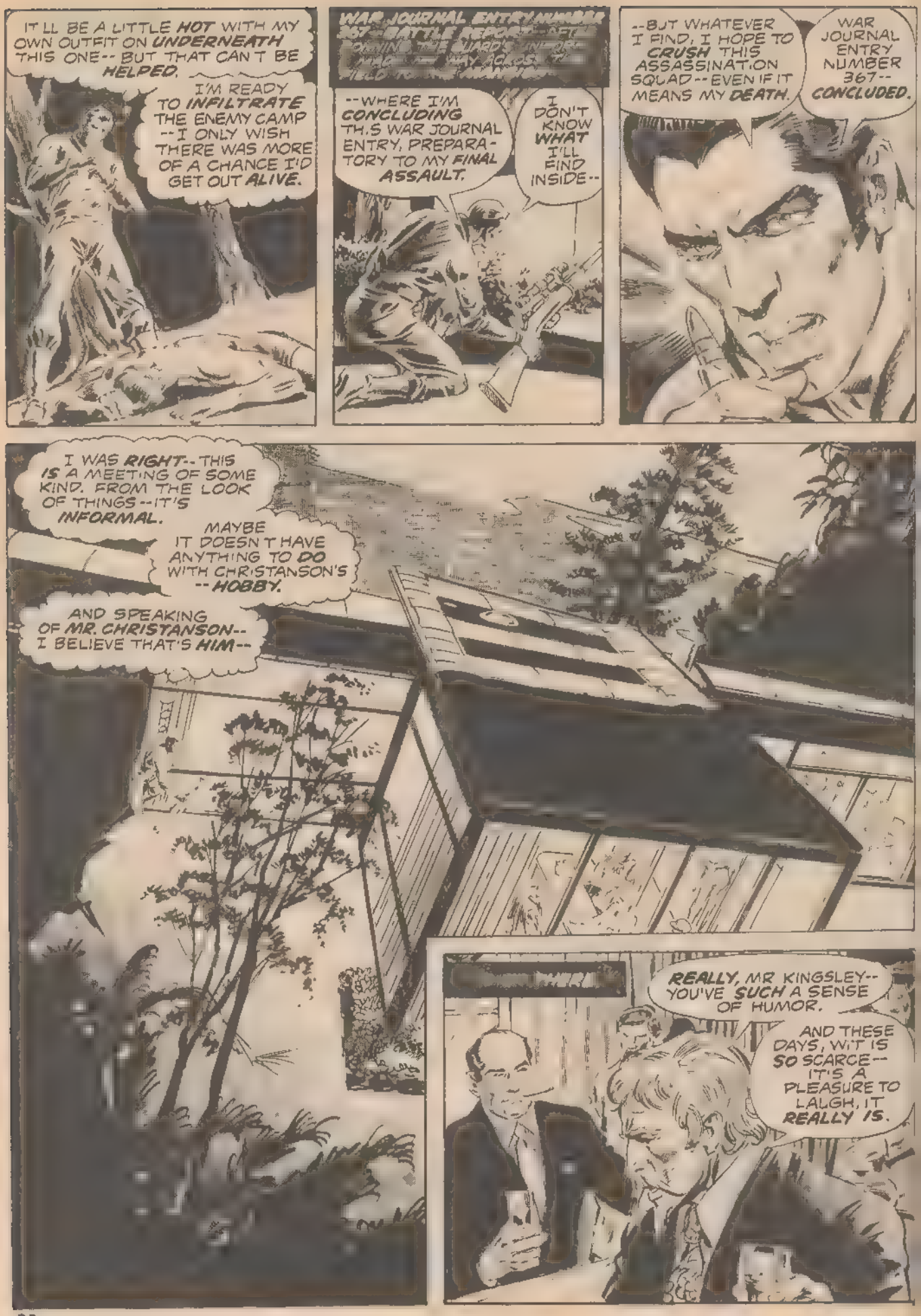

YES... YES, I THINK... I'M OKAY NOW.
DO YOU BELIEVE WHAT I TOLD YOU? ABOUT YOUR LIFE BEING IN DANGER?
WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW?
WILL YOU TRUST ME?

YES..


WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 366 CONCLUSION: WE TALKED FOR FIVE MINUTES. MRS. HALLEY TOLD ME THE NAMES OF MIKE HALLEY'S LOCAL FRIENDS AND ONE SPECIFIC NAME OF A MAN WHO'D PHONED MIKE TWICE BEFORE MIKE LEFT FOR NEW YORK.
WHEEEEEEEEEE
POLICE


TOO BAD, INSPECTOR HAMILTON, LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE TOO LATE.
MAYBE SO, CAPTAIN--
.. AND THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT.


MC
MC
SSCRRUNCH
YOU'RE JUST ABOUT MY SIZE, SCUM.
AND SINCE YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THAT LITTLE PLAY-OUTFIT ANYMORE--
--I'LL JUST APPROPRIATE IT FOR MYSELF.


IT'LL BE A LITTLE HOT WITH MY OWN OUTFIT ON UNDERNEATH THIS ONE-- BUT THAT CAN'T BE HELPED.
I'M READY TO INFILTRATE THE ENEMY CAMP --I ONLY WISH THERE WAS MORE OF A CHANCE I'D GET OUT ALIVE.
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 367--
--WHERE I'M CONCLUDING TH.S WAR JOURNAL ENTRY, PREPARATORY TO MY FINAL ASSAULT.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL FIND INSIDE--
--BUT WHATEVER I FIND, I HOPE TO CRUSH THIS ASSASSINATION SQUAD -- EVEN IF IT MEANS MY DEATH.
CONCLUDED.
I WAS RIGHT-- THIS IS A MEETING OF SOME KIND. FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS --IT'S INFORMAL.
MAYBE IT DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH CHRISTANSON'S -- HOBBY.
AND SPEAKING OF MR. CHRISTANSON-- I BELIEVE THAT'S HIM--
REALLY, MR KINGSLEY-- YOU'VE SUCH A SENSE OF HUMOR.
AND THESE DAYS, WIT IS SO SCARCE-- IT'S A PLEASURE TO LAUGH, IT REALLY IS.

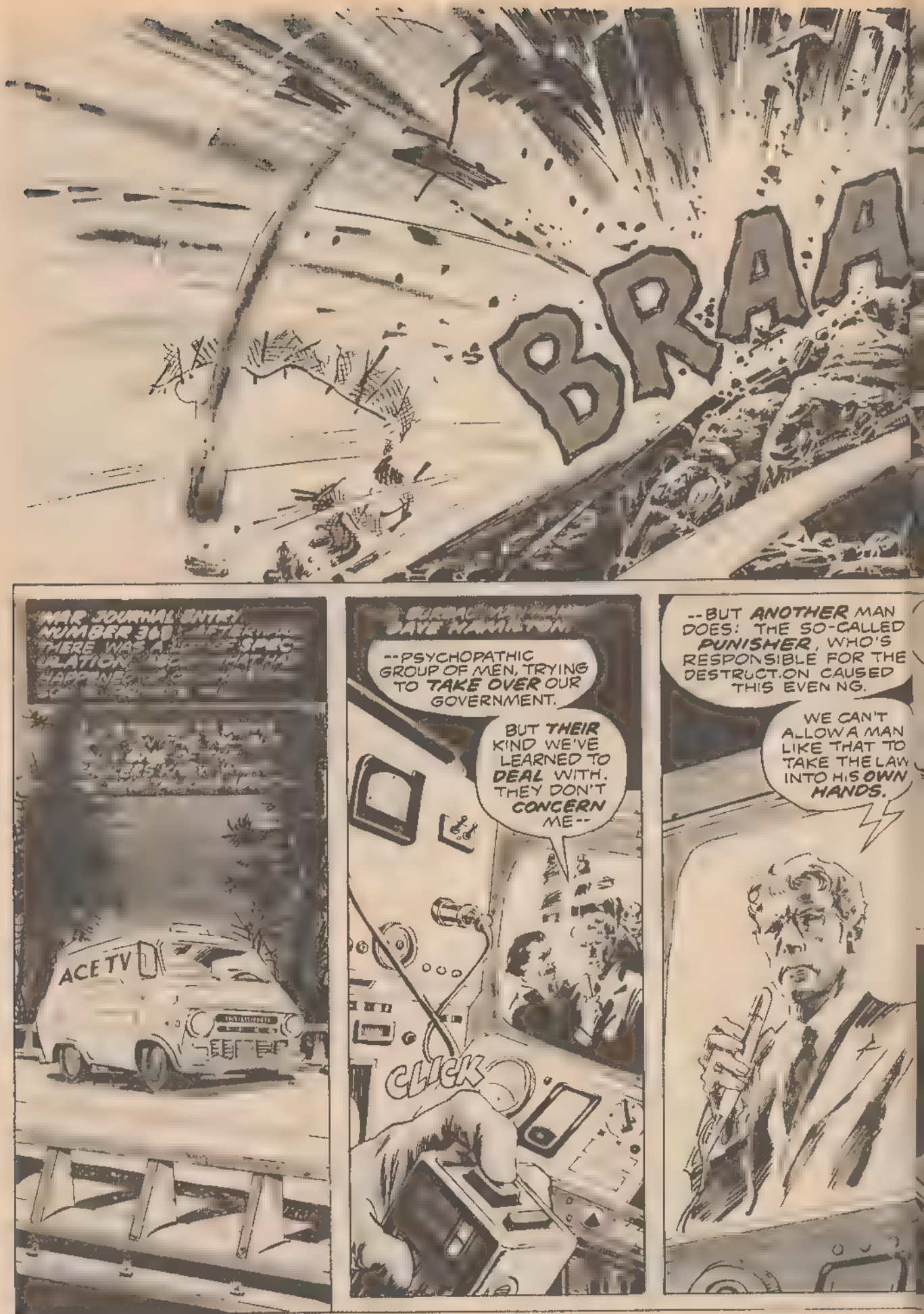
BUT, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MR. KINGSLEY--I BELIEVE IT'S TIME WE BEGAN.
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN, IF I COULD HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE...!
NOW I KNOW YOU'RE ALL QUITE INTERESTED IN WHY I'VE SUMMONED YOU HERE--AND I PROMISE, YOU WON'T BE A BIT DISAPPOINTED BY WHAT I HAVE TO SAY--
--BUT I MUST ASK YOU ALL TO BE VERY, VERY QUIET WHILE I PROCEED WITH THIS LITTLE PRESENTATION--
--OTHERWISE MY NERVES JUST COULDN'T STAND IT!
GOOD. THAT'S VERY, VERY GOOD
LIGHTS, PLEASE. FINE... THANK YOU.
THE PICTURE YOU SEE PROJECTED ON THE WALL BEHIND ME, IS A FILM OF OUR MARK VI LASER CANNON--
--THE LATEST OF THE ANTI-PERSONNEL WEAPONS DEVELOPED BY OUR PROJECTS DEPARTMENT.
THE MARK VI LASER CANNON IS SUPERIOR TO THAT CURRENTLY BEING DEVELOPED BY THE ARMY--
--IN THAT IT ALLOWS PRECISION TARGETING UP TO 5.7 MILES--
"--A CAPABILITY FAR BEYOND THE BEST THE U.S. MILITARY HAS TO OFFER.
"THIS WEAPON, WHEN ADDED TO THE OTHERS DEVELOPED BY OUR ORGANIZATION, WILL PROVE INVALUABLE IN THE COMING MONTHS--"

--WHEN WE ACT TO OVERTHROW THIS COUNTRY'S GOVERNMENT, IN THE NAME OF OUR OWN ORGANIZATION --THE INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL ALLIANCE.
ALREADY, THE TRAINING PROGRAM INITIATED LAST MONTH BY ORDER OF OUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAS SHOWN CONSIDERABLE PROGRESS.
I, PERSONALLY, HAVE CONTACTED CLOSE TO A DOZEN DISGRUNTLED EX-SERVICE MEN--ALL OF WHOM WILL MAKE EXCELLENT DECOY AGENTS, TO PROTECT OUR TRUE "ARMY" FROM DISCOVERY.
NATURALLY, THERE HAVE BEEN SOME SETBACKS -- BUT THESE WILL BE DEALT WITH AS THEY COME UP--
--JUST AS WE WILL DEAL WITH--
--YOU!
SPOTLIGHT-- APPEARING FROM NOWHERE--! IT'S A TRAP -- AND I WALKED RIGHT INTO IT--!
I'LL GET HIM, SIR. THIS HOUSE IS SURROUNDED, AND HE CAN T--
BRAKAKAKA!
NEVER SAY "CAN'T," PUNK.
THAT'S A DEFEATEST ATTITUDE-- AND COME TO THINK OF IT--
KATAKA -TAKA

--A DEFEATIST IS SOMEONE WHO MEETS DEFEAT!
AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT ALL OF YOU ARE ABOUT TO--EH?
KRATAKATA
A FORCE-FIELD?
YOU DIDN'T ANTICIPATE A TRULY TECHNOLOGICAL DEFENSE, D'D YOU, WILD MAN?
OH, YES--OUR TECHNOLOGY IS QUITE EFFICIENT. JUST AS IT CAN DISPOSE OF AGENTS WHO BECOME A SECURITY RISK--
--IT CAN ALSO PROTECT US FROM BRUTE-FORCE FOOLS LIKE YOU!
YOU WERE LED ON, MY FRIEND -- WE WERE INTERESTED IN LEARNING HOW MUCH OF A THREAT YOU COULD BE--
KRATAKATA
CHRISTANSON MUST HAVE AT LEAST A HUNDRED GUARDS IN THIS HOUSE--
--BUT THEY CAN'T ALL ATTACK ME AT ONCE--
--BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM!
I CAN USE THE LACK OF MANEUVERING SPACE AGAINST THEM--!
--BUT IT CAN ONLY BE A STALL--UNTIL I FIND A BREECH IN CHRISTANSON'S DEFENSES!
WHUMMP!!

THINK, THINK. CHRISTANSON SAID HE HAD A "TRULY TECHNOLOGICAL DEFENSE"--AND THAT FORCE FIELD IS IT.
WHAT'S THE VULNERABLE POINT IN ANY TECHNOLOGY...?
IT'S POWER SOURCE!
A FORCE FIELD LIKE THIS MUST PULL A LOT OF ENERGY--WHICH MEANS THERE HAS TO BE A POWER PLANT OF SOME KIND RIGHT HERE--
--AND I THINK I'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA WHERE!
HE'S LEAVING--! THIS ISN'T PART OF THE SCENARIO YOU PREPARED, CHRISTANSON!
YOUR GUARDS WERE SUPPOSED TO CAPTURE HIM!
WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO NOW? YOU WORKED OUT THE SCENARIO--
WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
I DON'T KNOW--THIS IS COMPLETELY UNEXPECTED --UNLESS--
THE POWER PILE! HE'S GOING AFTER THE PILE!
KATATOW! BRAKAKAKA
CHRISTANSON'S GOT MORE GUARDS THAN A DOG HAS FLEAS.
I'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM JUMPING--KEEP FIRING, EVEN IF I DON'T HIT ANYONE--!

THAT'S IT, SCUM--DUCK! KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN--!
I THOUGHT SO--THE CEMENT IS VIBRATING, HUMMING LIKE SOMETHING ALIVE.
I DIDN'T THINK CHRISTANSON WAS THE KIND OF MAN TO GO IN FOR ATHLETICS--
--HE'S TOO SOFT.
THEREFORE--THIS HAS TO BE THE POWER SOURCE.
SOMEWHERE UNDER THIS TENNIS COURT, THERE'S A GENERATOR--
--AND WHEN THIS TIME-BOMB EXPLODES--THAT GENERATOR EXPLODES AS WELL.
TICK
TICK
TICK
I'VE GOT FIVE SECONDS TO GET OUT OF RANGE.
GOT TO MAKE IT TO THOSE TREES--
BRAKAKAKAKA
--GOT TO--
--GOT TO--!


BRAA
WAR JOURNAL INTER
NUMBER 369
ACE TV
--PSYCHOPATHIC GROUP OF MEN, TRYING TO TAKE OVER OUR GOVERNMENT.
BUT THEIR KIND WE'VE LEARNED TO DEAL WITH. THEY DON'T CONCERN ME--
CLICK
--BUT ANOTHER MAN DOES: THE SO-CALLED PUNISHER, WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESTRUCTION CAUSED THIS EVENING.
WE CAN'T ALLOW A MAN LIKE THAT TO TAKE THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS.

BOOM!!
--AND I INTEND TO TRACK HIM DOWN--AND STOP HIM, ANY WAY I CAN--IF IT TAKES ME THE REST OF MY LIFE.
IT JUST MIGHT, FR END.
THE REST OF YOUR LIFE--OR MINE.
CLICK!
WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 303 CONCLUSION

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PUNISHER

THE WAY IT WAS...

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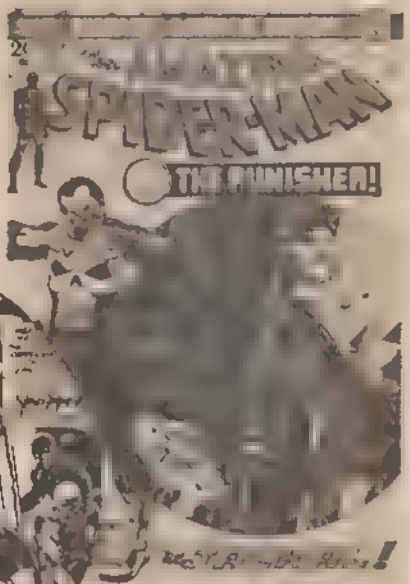
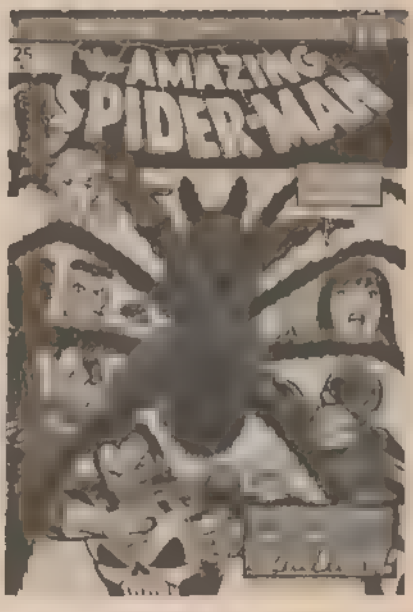
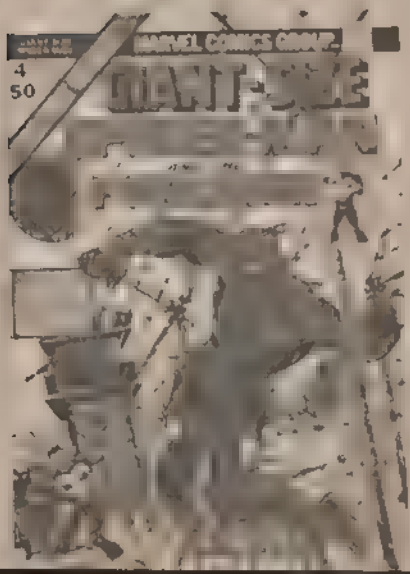
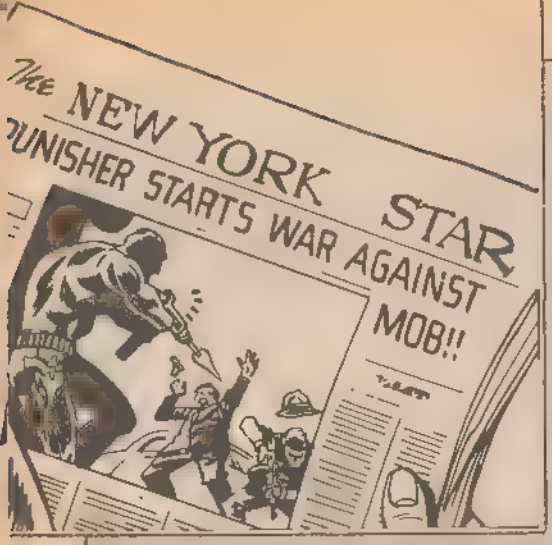
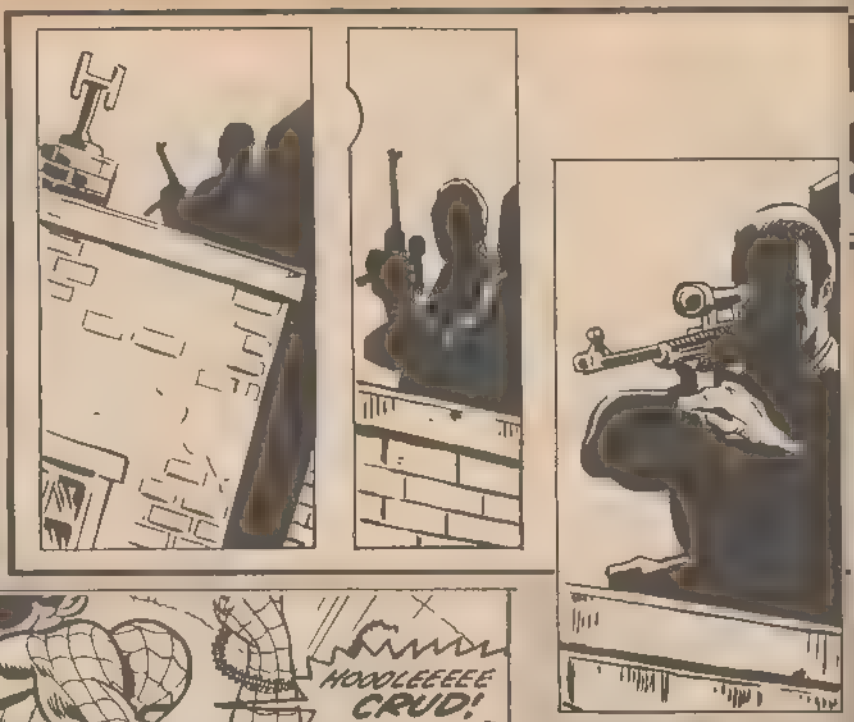






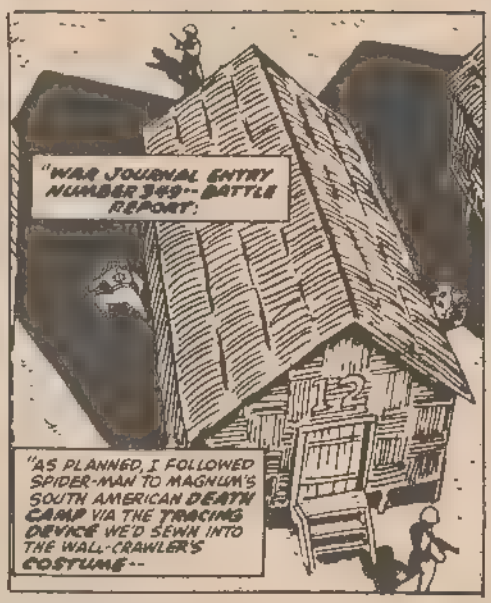


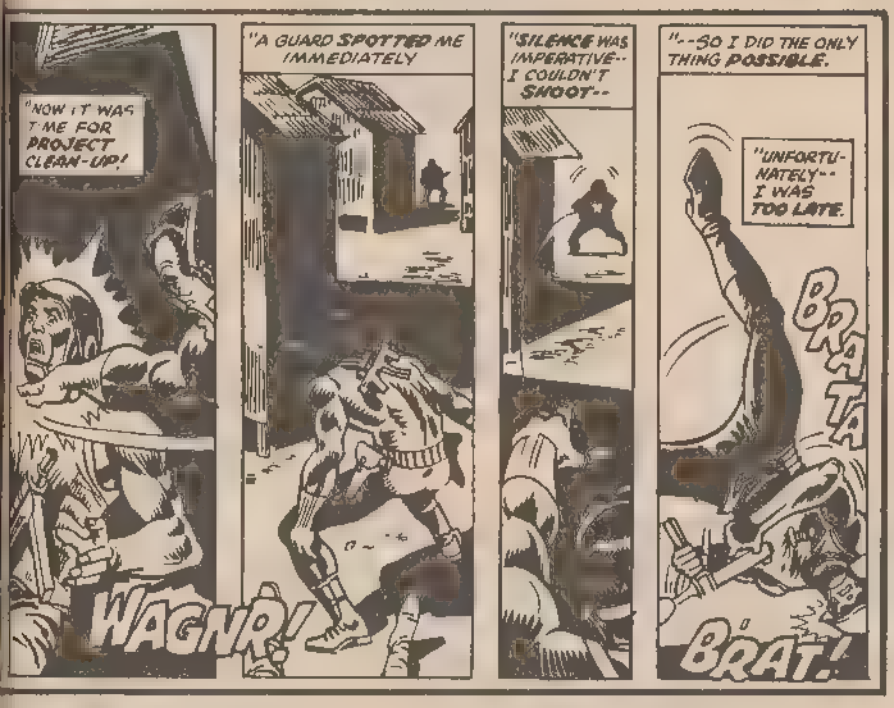


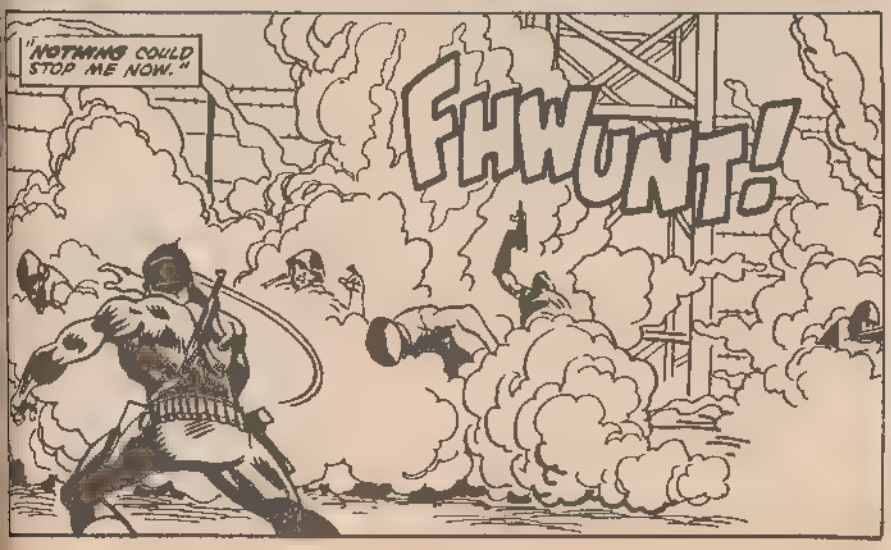
SPIDER-MAN VS THE PUNISHER
Before Tony DeZuniga, THE PUNISHER spent a good deal of time hunting a certain friendly neighborhood SPIDER-MAN, as delineated by Ross Andru. Finally, though, they ended up as a team — *and how!*

The scenes on these pages were taken from those epic encounters in the pages of SPIDER-MAN #129, 134, 135 and GIANT-SIZE SPIDER-MAN #4.

THE PUNISHER STRIKES!


"WAR JOURNAL ENTRY NUMBER 349--BATTLE REPORT:
"AS PLANNED, I FOLLOWED SPIDER-MAN TO MAGNUM'S SOUTH AMERICAN DEATH CAMP VIA THE TRACING DEVICE WE'D SEWN INTO THE WALL-CRAWLER'S COSTUME--





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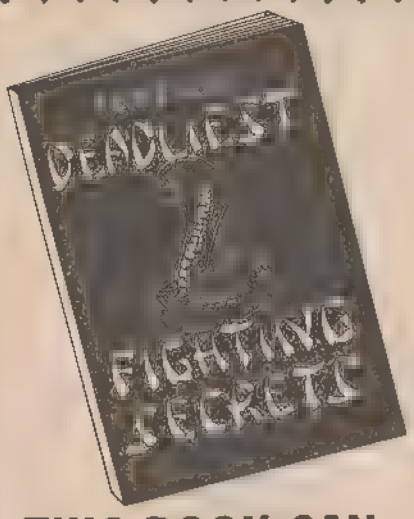

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THE EXECUTIONER SPEAKS OUT!

An exclusive interview with Don Pendleton

by David Kraft

An Introduction by Interviewer
DAVID ANTHONY KRAFT:

Despite the fact that the name Don Pendleton *had glared out at me from the racks of a hundred paperback newsstands during the course of my cross country motorcycle trip from Lebanon, Oregon, to far-flung Lakemont, Georgia, it was not until I reached my destination and assumed the editorial reigns of a metaphysical magazine titled* ORION that the name really registered on my consciousness.

Acquiring top-quality material for a bimonthly with such an unconventional slant proved challenging, and occasionally I resorted to a quick trip through the files of back issues in order to choose an appropriate and worthwhile reprint which might still have some validity and interest for the readers.

It was there that I "discovered" Don Pendleton.

He had been editor of ORION some five or six years prior to my advent in that position, and additionally he had contributed a reasonable amount of highly-impressive material, both in the form of articles and meta-fiction." I reprinted a good share of his early output and, in addition, I sought out and read several of his Executioner novels.

The man fascinated me. Through ORION's publisher, Ed O'Neal, I obtained Pendleton's address and contacted him. We discussed his then-pending court battle with Pinnacle books, about which I briefly considered doing an article for one of the writers' magazines, and Don promised to send me something new to publish in ORION.

Months slipped by, and suddenly I found myself in New York, at Marvel. I had not yet published anything by Don, and further, I had let the idea for the article about him slide. And then, one day, Marvelous Marv Wolfman handed me a crudely-scribbled sheet with proposed ideas for articles he wished to see in an upcoming issue of MARVEL PREVIEW.

Eyes open wide, mouth agape, I saw that one of the features he wanted was an interview with Don Pendleton, and did I know anyone who might be able to do that for us?

Did I ever!

My chance had not vanished, and I immediately contacted Don, who readily agreed to grant me this exclusive, in-depth interview. For that, I thank him. And for the opportunity, I thank Marv.

Now, enough with the self-conscious ramblings, and on with the interview!

—David Anthony Kraft

MARVEL: When did you first decide that you wanted to become a writer, and what was your first sale?

PENDLETON: I believe that writers are born with that decision. You may as well ask when did I decide to become right handed or to walk upright. It's a latent ability which, God willing, you simply mature into. I can't recall any conscious decision to "become" a writer. A writer is, first of all, a thinker; secondarily, a thinker who reasons well with words and who also has an instinctive feel for the power of language. I was a late bloomer, though. My first "literary" endeavor was published by **Ace Magazine** in 1958 (I was 30 years old), a frivolous little short story which ran as "Boomerang Peep Show."

MARVEL: Let me re-phrase the question, then. What were the events in your life that led you to the decision that you could write for a living?

PENDLETON: You're touching upon the scarier aspects of life, there, Dave. I'm far from being a fatalist, but I am a firm believer in the thesis that we humans do not enjoy nearly so much "free will" as we've been led to believe. Any individual, thinking back along the events which have shaped his life, can probably point to numerous "coincidences" and "hunches" which stand out as crossroads or as milestones in the life path. We can fight those "influences" or we can cooperate with them—and this is perhaps our major exercise of free will. I learned long ago that I was better off cooperating with the off-stage nudges.

MARVEL: You still haven't told me what turned you to writing.

PENDLETON: My life story, Dave, reads like fiction. I am always a bit embarrassed to go into it because people usually think I'm bullshitting them. For example, I was thirteen years old when World War Two started, for this country. Yet I fought in the U-Boat wars in the North Atlantic, participated in the North African campaigns, then went to the Pacific Theatre and got in on Iwo Jima, the Phillippines, Okinawa, and the initial occupation of Japan. I was, in fact, probably the first American sailor to step ashore upon conquered Japan. I was petty officer in charge of the naval scouts who went in to assess the docking facilities in Tokyo Bay, and this was a few hours before the signing of the official surrender aboard the Missouri.

MARVEL: Yes, that does sound a bit far out. You went into the navy in..?

PENDLETON: In 1942. I was fourteen. I didn't falsify any documents; I simply told the recruiters I was 18 and they signed me up Those were tough times, remember. A warm body was a warm body. I did my job and nobody ever questioned me.

MARVEL: You went back to school on the GI Bill?

PENDLETON: No, I never went back to school. I was given a high school diploma via GED tests I took while in the navy.

MARVEL: But it says in your official biography that you were an aerospace engineer before you turned to writing.

PENDLETON: True. Another of those troublesome anomalies. This isn't one of those "great imposter" stories, though. The last time I lied about anything important was when I lied my way into the navy. I had to live with that damned lie for five years, and to invent four years of life never lived in order to maintain the lie. When that was over, I'd had all the lies I could live with for th rest of my life. Except for my navy time, I have been probably the most brutally truthful dude you'll ever meet.

MARVEL: Did you start writing while you were in the navy?

An exclusive interview with Don Pendleton

PENDLETON: Not in any literary sense, no. I was a radioman, though, and that work entails much more than you might think. It's a constant playing with words you know, drafting messages, putting out the ship's newspaper, stuff like that—it was a pretty good primer for anyone with latent writing ability. After the navy, I went to railroading as a telegrapher. This was more or less an extension of the earlier work, with certain differences. From the writer standpoint, though, it was still communications and dicking around with words. By the time I got around to actual creative writing, though, the railroads were far behind and I was working for credentials with the air traffic control division of the FAA. I honestly don't remember what was in my mind—or what led me to believe that there was any hope that perhaps I could write something worthy of publication. I guess my strongest asset has always been a terrific curiosity coupled with my idea that I could do any damned thing I wanted to do. I can look back on my life now as one fortunate blunder after another—and, hell, I'm blundering along, lucking along, damned grateful for everything I have but not really certain where it came from.

MARVEL: I can see how you could have a belief in individual destiny. But we still have not gotten into the writing bit. How did you approach it?

PENDLETON: Like everything else, I guess. Too dumb to know I couldn't do it, too determined to fail. I sat down at the typewriter one slow night, on the job, and ripped off my first piece of fiction. I later discovered that it measured 1,500 words and fell into the classification of short-short story. At the time, I was simply writing a story. After I'd written it, I didn't know what to do with it. A few days later I came across a copy of a magazine I hadn't known existed, **Writer's Digest,** in which various literary agents advertise their services. The guy I picked was Vance Halloway and the reason I selected him was the weird address. What could be weirder than a literary agent doing business from an office in Pearblossom, California? I didn't hear a thing from Halloway for two weeks, not even a receipt for the story; then he wrote to say that he had it sold and would I like to sign a contract with him.

MARVEL: And this launched you as a writer?

PENDLETON: Not exactly. Vance sold a few more quickie stories for me, but the pay was small and my needs were large. My primary focus continued in the area of air traffic control, with a midnight-oil story when the mood hit me. Nothing really happened for me as a writer throughout the next ten years. I used that period well, though, moving off in other directions. I left the FAA in 1960 and began my engineering phase—moving up from a beginning position as a technical clerk in the Titan I program to Associate Engineer, Engineer, Senior Engineer, Supervisory Engineer, Professional Specialist and, finally, Engineering Administrator. Those were giddy years, full of challenge and self-discovery—who needed writing?

The challenge began to wear off, though, around 1965-66, my soul or something got itchy, and I dusted off the old typewriter for some more spare-time writing. I contacted Vance Halloway again. He reported a hot market for "sexy" paperback novels— so that's where I turned the effort. I wrote and Halloway sold five such novels during 1966 and early '67—and the off-stage nudges convinced me that I'd reached another crossroads. There was more demand for my stuff than there was time to produce it. Understand, though—these were not big-money markets. I was getting $950 per book on a flat-scale basis. I figured that, on a full time basis, I could easily produce a book a month and still have time to develop higher-money properties. I discussed the situation with Margie and the kids, and **that** became the decision to write for a living.

MARVEL: How much were you making as an engineer, at the time?

PENDLETON: Twenty thousand plus, per year.

MARVEL: So the decision entailed a probable 50% drop in your earnings.

PENDLETON: At the very best, yes.

MARVEL: Did you ever have cause to regret the decision?

PENDLETON: Almost immediately, yes. I had no sooner quit my job and got settled into the new routine when there was a blow-up with the publisher who'd been taking my stuff. Over money, of course—what else? He had not paid for the past three acceptances and I had a couple more ready for him. Hell, I needed the money. When I leaned on him a bit for payment, he huffily returned all the manuscripts instead. Instant panic, man.

MARVEL: So what did you do, then?

PENDLETON: I almost bolted back to safer pastures. But I had met a really incredible guy named Ed O'Neal. He and his wife and a few other hardy souls had undertaken an heroic venture called CSA the Center for Spiritual Awareness—a quasi-religious organization molded somewhat along the lines of what people now refer to as communes. They had a little print shop with ancient machinery which they were using to publish metaphysical books and a magazine called **Orion.**

MARVEL: Ah yes, good old **Orion.** I was editor there, you know—several years after you.

PENDLETON: Yes, isn't life full of these cozy coincidences. Anyway, Ed and Lois O'Neal learned of my difficulties. They offered me the CSA Lodge—a truly beautiful and imposing lakefront mansion—for as long as I needed it (hopefully, of course, not for too long), plus all the beans and rice my family could eat until good fortune smiled again, in exchange for which I would donate a few hours a week to their publishing enterprise. I became Senior Editor of **Orion** and continued to serve in that capacity for a couple years—but "fortune smiled" almost immediately; we sponged off of CSA for only a few weeks.

Halloway marketed the scripts which has been returned by that other publisher and got me lined up with a large West Coast house, for whom I turned out a total of eleven books during 1968. I had meanwhile been working on my first "big" novel—a futuristic race-war story which was contracted by Olympia in early '68. That was the beginning for me. I phased out the quickie books

as soon as finances would allow and began developing other properties for the big markets. This was the period in which the Executioner began developing. Sadly enough, Vance Halloway did not accompany me to the higher plateau. He had other ideas and we just could not agree on the proper path. I went on without him. I'll always credit the guy, though, for planting my feet as a writer.

MARVEL: How much did you earn in 1968?

PENDLETON: About ten thousand. 1969 was worse, and Halloway was right in that respect. I had dumped the sure-money markets for a shot at the next level—and I damn near foundered again

MARVEL: The Executioner did not take off like a flash?

PENDLETON: Hell no. I came the closest to starving I ever came during those early Executioner years.

MARVEL: Wasn't the first Executioner book also the first book to be published by Pinnacle paperbacks?

PENDLETON: Yes. The Pinnacle logo was created expressly to publish the first Executioner. It was a very wobbly enterprise, and I still wonder how it ever got off the ground. David Zentner, the publisher, was virtually a one-man show. He had been publishing "adult" books; a a guy starts where he can, I guess. With the Executioner, Zentner saw a chance to move into the more legitimate realms of publishing and we sort of took a chance on each other. He created Pinnacle and I created Mack Bolan; the "chance" has paid off rather well, but it was not always evident that it would do so. I was the sole Pinnacle author for more than a year. Of their first ten publications, eight were my books.

MARVEL: What precipitated the big shoot out of 1973? Could you reiterate, in as much detail as possible, what happened between you and Pinnacle around the time when #16, SICILIAN SLAUGHTER by Jim Peterson, was published?

PENDLETON: That's another sad and painful story, Dave. I'd rather not discuss it.

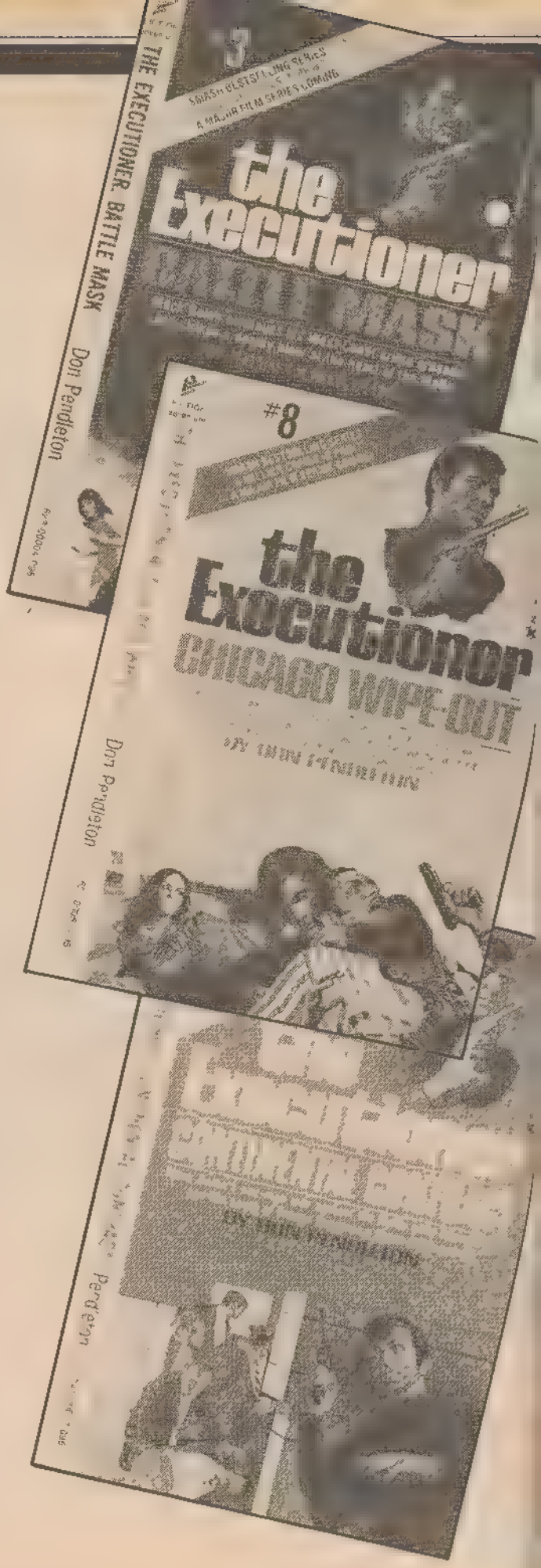
MARVEL: A lot of Executioner fans are wondering about it. Don't you feel any obligation to let them know what happened there?

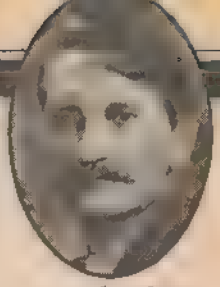
PENDLETON: It's impossible to discuss without running the possibility of opening old wounds. Pinnacle and I have buried the hatchet, now, and I'd rather leave it that way.

MARVEL: **Publisher's Weekly** carried some feature articles on the case, and I remember seeing something about it in **Variety.** It isn't all that secret. Couldn't you just reiterate, very delicately, what happened? This time, for the fans?

PENDLETON: Well. . . there is no delicate way to do it. First of all, you have to understand that the Executioner series didn't really start to catch fire until late 1971, early '72. I hadn't even met Zentner face-to-face until 1972. All of our business had been conducted via mail and telephone. I had given him, by our contract, full power to handle all sales of subsidiary rights—you know, movies, television, serial rights, foreign reprints, all that—I had even executed a Power of Attorney for Zentner to act for me in the negotiations for the film rights we sold to Four Star International in 1970. He had been carrying the copyrights in Pinnacle's name—but this was a nominal copyright, designed to simplify the disposition of subsidiary rights. I had never, at any time, divested myself—by contract or otherwise—of my copyrights. Under the laws governing copyrights, the author is the beneficial owner regardless of who has nominal registration.

I discovered in early 1972 that Zentner was telling it around that **he** was the creator of Mack Bolan and the Executioner "concept"—and that my status was that of an "assigned" writer. That's pure bull, of course. Ed O'Neal and I had kicked around the Bolan idea back in 1967, a year or more before Zentner contacted me and invited me to submit a manuscript. What David Zentner "created," if anything, was the concept of series publishing—but most of this, I'm sure, was an outgrowth of the Executioner's success. I don't want to take





anything away from the guy, understand—he's a hell of a an astute businessman and he certainly worked some sort of modern miracle with Pinnacle Books. I respect and admire him for that—but not enough to simply stand there and let him appropriate my work.

We had a showdown in his Manhattan office in the early part of 1972, which ended with me stomping out in a rage over his demands that I allow other writers to come in and supplement the output (using my name), so that we could publish 8 to 12 Executioners per year. I saw that as certain death for the series—and it was when I adamantly refused to go along with the idea that he unloaded this "assigned writer" routine right to my face. That gentleman does not know to this day how very close he came to sailing head first out of an upper story window. I went out of there, instead, shook the dust of Manhattan from my feet, and went back home to Indiana. After I'd cooled down and thought it over, I came to the conclusion that he'd simply been trying to pressure me into going his way—but I also fired off a letter which very explicitly set forth our business relationship and which made it quite clear that I would stand for no further funny business. That seemed to cool things a bit and, very shortly thereafter, we signed a new movie deal with Avco-Embassy which seemed very promising at the time. I guess that, more than anything else, held the thing together during the rest of 1972. There were continuing tensions, though, one small thing after another.

Finally, in early 1973, I decided it was time I got myself another agent. I went to Scott Meredith. After studying my contracts with Pinnacle, he immediately put the Executioner on the auction block. I guess just about all the major paperback houses were bidding but NAL came out with the best offer—a $40,000 advance-guarantee for each book and a royalty. Under the terms of the Pinnacle contract, they were entitled to make a matching offer which, however, I was not obligated to accept.

I considered their offer and rejected it in favor of the NAL offer. Money was not the prime consideration here. I had lost confidence in Pinnacle's intentions and I wanted free of the tensions. That did not end the tensions, however; it merely intensified them. Pinnacle began rattling sabres at me, at Scott Meredith, and at NAL—claiming full and complete "ownership" of the Executioner books and threatening all of us with lawsuits. NAL was not intiminated by this—they, too, had studied my contracts with Pinnacle and felt that they had every right to contract future Executioner books. We went ahead and signed the contract and Pinnacle immediately sued. During the course of litigation, we discovered that Pinnacle had hired a guy to write SICILIAN SLAUGHTER (which, incidentally, was my proposed title for the next book in the series for Pinnacle).

We then filed for and were awarded a temporary injunction restraining Pinnacle from publishing the spurious book. I had meanwhile written JERSEY GUNS for NAL, and we voluntarily agreed to extend the restraint to our book, pending the outcome of litigation. Now comes the most incredible part. I actually lost the first pitched battle of the war, despite the most overwhelming case a guy could have. There was the indisputable evidence of the contracts themselves; there were dozens of expert affidavits from respected editors, publishers, and agents throughout the industry; there was an **amicus** brief from the Author's League; there was four years of correspondence records; there was an affidavit from Ed O'Neal, there was the copyright law itself and its precedential interpretations down through the years; there were pre-trial depositions by Zentner and his editor which showed conclusively that Pinnacle's position was untenable—yet a U.S. District Court judge ruled against me.

I suppose it's the first time in history that an author's works (15 of them, in this case) were taken away from him and given to another without one shred of legal evidence to work against him. The court simply took Pinnacle's word for it, discounting entirely their own written contracts

MARVEL: That could leave a guy feeling pretty bitter.

PENDLETON: That would come later. At the moment, I was simply stunned by the decision. As were my agent and lawyers. The lawyers were confident that the lower court decision would be regarded as scandalous by the appeals court. But, hell, I was running out of money. I'd had to post a large cash bond for the restraining order and I had run into something over $100,000 in legal expenses. I couldn't publish, therefore no money was coming in. I'd lost confidence in the judicial process, and it was obvious that the thing could drag along for years. Even in winning, I could lose. Other publishers were already bringing out unabashed take-offs on the Executioner, and it just looked as though the whole thing was falling to hell.

When Scott suggested that we should work out a settlement with Pinnacle, I had to agree with the common sense of that. Under that settlement, Pinnacle admitted that I owned the books, always had, and that they were holding the copyrights in trust for me They agreed to match the NAL contract. NAL very kindly let me out of the agreement with them.

I had to agree to the release of SICILIAN SLAUGHTER Pinnacle had quite an investment in the book, with over half a million copies in the warehouse. I have never, however, recognized that book as part of the Executioner series. An editor at Pinnacle took care of the necessary bridgework for continuity between SLAUGHTER and JERSEY GUNS.

MARVEL: Do you know—or have you ever met Jim Peterson?

PENDLETON: No. That's a pseudonym, by the way.

MARVEL: You don't like the book?

PENDLETON: No I don't. The guy violated the character in many ways.

MARVEL: How do you feel about Jim Peterson?

PENDLETON: Nothing personal. I think he did a pretty fair job, considering that he was working with another guy's stuff. I feel a bit sorry for Peterson, whoever he is. He just happened to get caught in the middle of a nasty business. He should do all right, though, with his own stuff.

MARVEL: How do you feel about Pinnacle now?

An exclusive interview with Don Pendleton

PENDLETON: The relationship is still a bit shaky. I never have any direct contact with them, now. That's in the agreement. All contacts are to be via my agents, my lawyrs, and my accountants.

MARVEL: You don't even have any direct editorial contact?

PENDLETON: No. I don't even know who the editors are anymore.

MARVEL: Doesn't that have an inhibiting effect on the relationship?

PENDLETON: Not at all. It's probably the only thing that will keep the relationship intact. They never offered much in the way of editorial help, anyway.

MARVEL: I had heard that you and Andy Ettinger were once on pretty close terms. Isn't he still the chief editor at Pinnacle?

PENDLETON: He became a vice president at some point during the litigation period. I don't know just what his function is now. We were pretty good friends, yeah.

MARVEL: Do you feel that he betrayed that friendship? During the litigation process, I mean?

PENDLETON: I wouldn't use that word. We took his disposition, early on during the proceedings. The guy was in a bad spot. I couldn't take any personal umbrage over his testimony. I wasn't paying the guy's salary. There's such a thing as house loyalty, you know. What the hell, they made him a vice president. He is not a Mack Bolan, and that's all I intend to say about that. Let's go to something else.

MARVEL: Is the tremendous popularity of the Executioner books maintaining itself, or has it begun to fall off—and just how long do you think you can continue producing new additions to the series?

PENDLETON: I believe it's still gaining momentum. Affidavits which I just received show American printings of about four million copies during 1974—that's for the series as a whole. The first book is still very much alive; I believe we're up to about the 15th or 16th printing now. As for future numbers, I can presently see no end in view. I suppose Bolan will keep blitzing for as long as people continue buying and reading and buying again.

MARVEL: What are present worldwide sales of the Executioner, and in how many countries are the books being printed?

PENDLETON: I have no valid idea of total worldwide sales. But the books have been in circulation in about 15 countries for several years, and we're still adding new translations to the list. We are in all of the Scandinavian countries, Holland, Germany, England, France, Greece, Argentina, Brizil, Mexico, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Japan—probably several others that I'm just not up on at the moment.

MARVEL: You get royalities from all those foreign editions?

PENDLETON: Yeah. It figures up pretty good in the aggregate. Remember, too, that we're talking about the entire series in each country, not simply a single book. It's all very gratifying, and not just in the monetary sense. It's a nice feeling to know that people of diverse cultures all over the world are reading your stuff.

MARVEL: How do you approach the writing of a new Bolan adventure—systematically with a uniform goal of several pages per day; more casually; or in a tremendous non-stop effort?

PENDLETON: I am entirely non-systematic. When I'm hot, I work like hell— right around the clock. Night and day is all the same at such times. When I'm not, I don't try to force the flow. I use the cool periods to regroup, to work specific problems such as weaponry and so forth. The final week of work on every book, though, is an endurance marathon. It's usually a toss-up whether I will finish the book or die at the typewriter of exhaustion; it always ends up in a white heat.

MARVEL: Are you given deadlines by your publisher?

PENDLETON: Oh absolutely, six books at a time. The delivery schedules are pre-ordained, contractually. I do my best to meet those schedules. It can cause the publisher no end of grief when tight-scheduling books such as these are delivered late.

MARVEL: Would you usually end up in a blazing heat even if you were not staring at a deadline?

PENDLETON: Yeah, that's the way I work. In speaking of "blazing heats," though, let's not set the false assumption that I simply sit there and beat hell out of the typewriter with an unending stream of words. I do a lot of rewriting, polishing, rethinking, agonizing. Sometimes I'll write the same paragraph a dozen different ways before achieving the desired effect. Critics who say that I work too swiftly—inferring that I slop through—just don't know what the hell they're talking about. I don't write for grammatical errors without even realizing it—I've never claimed to be a grammarian—but I'm never really working toward the book of rules. I work for dramatic impact, for **feeling**—and that's often hard to achieve with a grammar textbook on your knee.

MARVEL: Who do you write for—yourself, Bolan's fans, or your editor?

PENDLETON: I write mainly for Bolan himself. But all the considerations figure in. I keep re-introducing characters from past adventures, primarily because I think the fans like that. But I work mainly to keep Bolan in character and to keep him growing toward his full potential.

MARVEL: He hasn't achieved that, yet? After—what? —22 books?

PENDLETON: Hell, I hope not. When Bolan stops growing and becoming, the show is over.

MARVEL: Do you have any editorial guidelines or directions that you must follow in writing the Executioner novels, or are you free to do as you wish?

PENDLETON: I suppose if I suddenly went haywire, somebody up there would try to straighten me out, but there are no guidelines other than the ones in my own head. As I've said, I don't even know who my editor is.

MARVEL: Are you reaching for anything beyond commerical success?

PENDLETON: It all sort of goes together, I think. I don't go along with the arty, snobbish ideas about literature. I believe that the mark of good writing can be measured realistically only in terms of public response. The writer who "won't sell out" is probably, in truth, a writer who does not know how to effectively communicate

with a large audience. Hemingway wrote Hemingway because he was Hemingway. Well, Pendelton writes Pendelton. I don't know any other way. And I guess it's most fortunate that I can make money doing so.

MARVEL: Is the violence a necessary part of your writing?

PENDLETON: It is a necessary ingredient for the Executioner books, sure. I have written non-violent novels, though. I've even written poetry, philosophical pieces, humor, sex, even a marriage manual—all sorts of stuff that doesn't involve human violence. But, yes, the violence is central to the Bolan books. They would make no sense whatever under any other rationale. I set out to write about this sort of character, this type of situation, with the intention of dignifying the human need for violence.

MARVEL: Did you really mean to use that word—need?

PENDLETON: Absolutely. We can discuss that, if you'd like.

MARVEL: We'll come back to it. First I'd like to know just how Mack Bolan—the Executioner—was created.

PENDLETON: That's sort of like asking your father how you were created. We all know that certain specific events involving your mother and father preceded and accompanied your conception—but was that your moment of creation? The seeds for that conception could probably be traced all the way back to Adam and Eve, and that accounts for no more than genetics. How about the first romantic glance between mother and father—when did that occur? Still the picture is almost wholly incomplete. I regard the entire life of an individual as "the creation." Aren't you still in process? Are you the same man today that you were this time last year—even to your bodily cells? Mack Bolan is still in process. That's what I meant awhile ago about growing into his full potential. I couldn't even tell you for sure when he was conceived. He grew out of me and my experiences. Go back and change one event of my lifetime and Bolan would also be altered to some extent; he might disappear entirely. Just as you would disappear entirely if you could manipulate the past and cause your mother to ignore your father's conceptual romantic gleam.

MARVEL: It would be accurate, then, to say that your

own personal philosophy permeates the Executioner.

PENDLETON: Oh, sure, that's inescapable.

MARVEL: How much of Bolan is actually you, and vice versa?

PENDLETON: There's a constant trade-off there, I'd say. Bolan grows as I grow. His growth then feeds back and keeps me moving. That's the only way I can keep the series alive and fresh, you know. I am not a method writer—not unless you could call continual crisis a method. I don't pre-think the stories except in the vaguest sense, so of course I do not work from an outline. I never know where the story is going. I simply begin with a problem and let it grow to a logical conclusion. During the time that I am immersed in that, every damn bit of me is in there with Bolan—**as** Bolan. I give the guy every thing I have—and I demand of him every erg of human excellence within his reach. I am not Mack Bolan, of course, and Mack Bolan is not Don Pendelton. But it would take more than a surgeon to separate us.

MARVEL: You were the first—right? That is, virtually single-handedly you created the entire genre of "action-adventure" series?

PENDLETON: I don't know if "created" is the proper term. I do know that the Exectioner was launched into a then virgin market. I was not following an established trail into the marketplace, as the come-latelies have been able to do. I am told that there is nothing original in literature. Some reviewers have said that the Executioner is a resurrection of the pulps, but I've never read pulps so I can't really comment on that. It is a fact that Bolan blazed his own trail through the literary jungle of our time and that now a substantial genre of "action-adventure" books—most of them flagrant copies of the original—have cornered a hefty share of paperback lists. My own publisher has brought out a number of competitive series.

MARVEL: How do you feel about that?

PENDLETON: Complimented.

MARVEL: You're still the best seller in the field, the top grosser?

PENDLETON: So I'm told. It's a relative distinction. A guy can come along with a single book and make my earnings look like peanuts. Paperback reprint rights alone for a hot cloth bestseller, for example, could outweigh my total earnings for a year. I do take pride, if not comfort, in the knowledge that my earnings come from continued performance, book after grinding book, and a successful love affair with a segment of the reading public who keep returning for more. That last is probably my biggest spur, even more so than the money. I feel an obligation to the fans.

MARVEL: You intimated earlier that you suffered quite a drop in earnings when you switched from engineering to writing. Would it be improper to ask how you did last year?

PENDLETON: No, but it may be improper for me to reply. Let's put it this way. My 1974 earnings were equal to nearly twenty years of my top dollar as an engineer.

MARVEL: That sounds like a lot of loot. What sort of an impact has this made on your lifestyle? How's your family taking it?

PENDLETON: Oh, there's been an impact, but in small ways. We live in a bit nicer home, we buy just about whatever we want without counting pennies, and we no longer entertain the spectre of bare cupboards.

MARVEL: You don't fling your money at Vegas or stuff like that, eh?

PENDLETON: Ho, most of it is invested. Real estate, mainly. We have splurged a bit, here and there, but we still live pretty much as we always have. In the day to day routine, anyway. Margie still does her own housework. My daughters babysit for spending money. My 11-year-old son, Derek, keeps up the yard and stuff like that. And I still put in more 20-hour days than you might believe. Generally, though, things are far better than we ever dreamed. It's damned nice just to **know** that you're solvent.

And, like I said, we've splurged some. Margie has indulged her fondest dreams with regard to home decorating. My 18-year-old daughter, Melinda, drives a Corvette. We have a nice fifty-acre spread here of wooded hills and pastoral valleys, couple of lakes, streams, nicely secluded. There's plenty of room here for a family compound, if the kids ever desire to build here. And I have another 170-acre holding a few miles away which my oldest son manages.

MARVEL: How many kids do you have, Don?

PENDLETON: Six, in two sets, same mother and father but separated a bit by years. The oldest three are sons—Steve, Greg, Rod—all in their twenties, married, independent. Then we got lucky with a couple of daughters, Melinda and Jennifer, 18 and 13—very lovely young ladies. Derek is an 11-year old expert on paleontology, already has his college picked out. My kids are my greatest treasures, as trite as that may sound. Steve was a grunt in Vietnam, a Black Beret, and an entirely reliable technical source for the Bolan books. Greg is recently out of the navy and in school under the GI bill; he also does story research for me. Melinda graduated from high school in January. She's my strongest fan and is the official Bolan statistician and librarian. She'll be going off to school next fall, and I'm already dewey-eyed over that departure.

MARVEL: Sounds like a close family group.

PENDLETON: It is, always was.

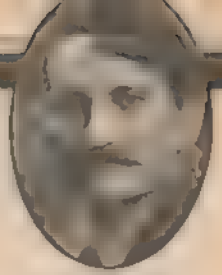
MARVEL: All the boys live right around home, eh?

PENDLETON: No, Rod lives in Little Rock. He met a nice little southern lady down there and started eating cornbread and drinking iced tea. He's a very patient, hardworking type who will probably one day own the state of Arkansas. Rod is slightly handicapped from a childhood affliction, but who would know it? He's fiercely independent, stubborn as an Arkansas mule, and I respect him tremendously. The same goes for all my kids, of course. I would like them even if they weren't related. What more can a father say?

MARVEL: Right on. How about your own lady? How has she influenced your life as a writer?

PENDLETON: All the way. If I hadn't met that lady, I'd probably still be helling around the world in one nutty pursuit or another. She's been my stabilizer—and she's always come through with the right words at the right time when things looked bleak. Can you imagine a lady with six kids urging her husband to quit a high-paying career position for a million-to-one shot at literary glory? For her sake, much more than my own, I am thankful for

An exclusive interview with Don Pendleton



the way things have gone. Even if it should all fall to hell, now, we've had our moments under the sun. We could live through most anything now.

MARVEL: Let's hope you won't have to. Have you ever gotten into trouble with the Mafia over your books?

PENDLETON: Nothing obvious enough or certain enough to make a case on, no. There have been odd phone calls which could be taken as harassment or as, simply, crank calls. There have been also a couple of suspicious personal encounters, and my study was vandalized a couple of years ago. I very much doubt that any of this is evidence of actual Mafia interest. I'm a novelist, you know, not an investigative reporter. My books are written for entertainment, not for expose purposes. If I can believe it, in fact, a few of the "boys" are even Executioner fans, or so I'm told.

MARVEL: You do take normal precautions though.

PENDLETON: Oh, sure. I'm not paranoid about it, but I do have to recognize the possibility that some guy could get a nutty idea and try something dumb.

MARVEL: If someone did get a nutty idea, would he likely find Mack Bolan waiting for him?

PENDLETON: I won't lie down and die quietly for anyone, if that's what you mean.

MARVEL: You could kill?

PENDLETON: Try me.

MARVEL: No, thanks. Let's return to the books. How much time do you spend on actual research for each book? Do you draw much of the material from your own background?

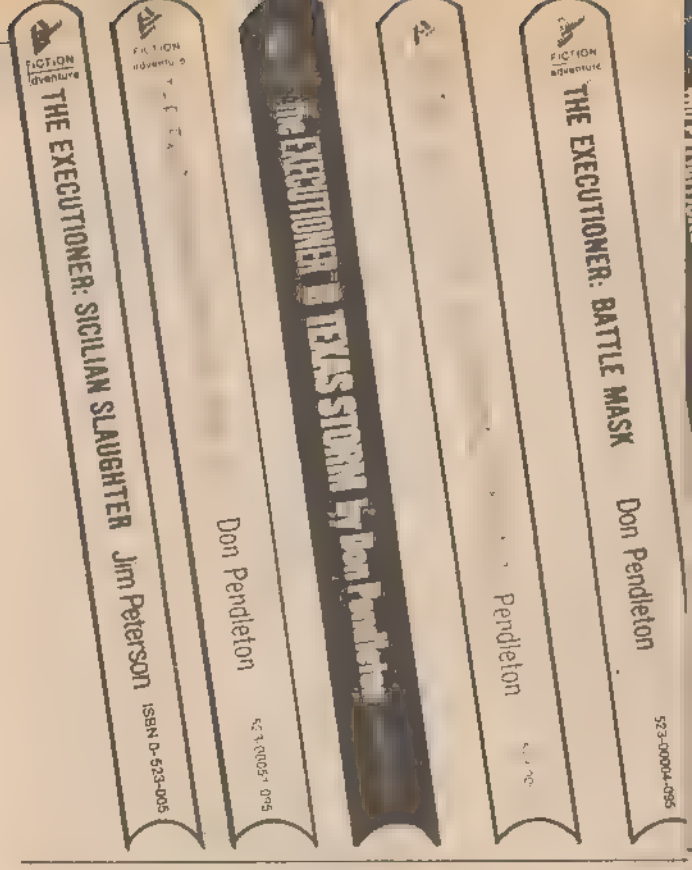
PENDLETON: I spend about as much time researching as I do in actual writing. I ingest enough information about specific locales, for example, to write a travelogue—but very little of this finds its way into the book. I go for the feel of a place—the vibes, you know. If I've never been there—or if it has been a very long time since my last visit—I might go there and walk the streets for a few days. As for material from my own background—sure, every writer is a well, a storehouse of impressions, sensations, thoughts. The more you've lived and experienced, the more you have to draw on. Most of this sort of stuff finds its way into a book as "color"—the depth stuff that dimensions a particular work.

MARVEL: How far in advance—if at all—do you have Bolan's future mapped or planned out—or do you just take each book as it comes?

PENDLETON: I try to give the publisher as much advance look as possible. We've been doing 4 to 6 books a year, except for that disastrous 1973 hiatus, and there are certain planning and scheduling functions which must be met. I never know precisely what Bolan is going to be doing even from one page to the next—but we do set up locales and a sort of general progression, as much as a year in advance.

MARVEL: How much of the technical information in the books is accurate?

PENDLETON: All of it, to the best of my research abilities. Has to be. One little slip and I catch hell from around the world. In the Texas book, through some



weird slip of the mind, I gave 7.62mm ammo for the M-16. Every soldier in the damned world knows that the M-16 uses 5.56 tumblers, and so do I, but I called it wrong and I'm still catching hell from army posts everywhere. I don't invent weapons or sci-fi situations for Bolan. He's a soldier, and he's fighting a soldier's battle. His munitions are all real articles used by combatmen everywhere. Whatever Bolan accomplishes with his weaponry is within the realm of human achievement. All the more difficult hit scenes are mocked up and run through several times before it is committed to the manuscript, even to trajectory graphs, kill zones, the whole bit. I'm not as good a shot as Bolan is, but I know people who are.

As for the story situations, the earlier books were molded very tightly to real-life situations as they exist or existed in the organized crime world—altered here and there for dramatic purposes and to avoid obvious problems with the real world. The Mafia world is so predictable, though, so alike wherever you may encounter it, that I have had to get a bit more fanciful in the later numbers simply to keep the stories interesting and non-repetitive. But my research files continue to grow and a lot of the stuff depicted is still lightly-disguised fact.

MARVEL: I had no idea you went to such pains. How do you obtain your information about the workings of the syndicate?

PENDLETON: I gather material from all over the world—written reports and such from various crime commissions and investigatory bodies, press clippings, that sort of stuff. I know a few people in law enforcement. I know a few media people. And I have a research staff. Most of the stuff I use in information that anyone could obtain if the need or the desire were there—it is not confidential information.

MARVEL: Are you going to continue taking the Executioner to a different city for the title of each new book, or will you eventually abandon that formula?

PENDLETON: It didn't really begin that way, not in any conscious sense. It's just that Bolan always leaves a particular locale in such disarray that he has to go find fresh fields from one adventure to the next. Also, there's the rationale of the man's own predicament. The entire world is on his ass, you know. He keeps moving to remain alive; it's a basic strategy. So, yes, I suppose we'll keep moving around, surfacing here and there just long enough to raise a credible amount of hell. As for the locale titles, they do constitute a convenient delineation for the reader—keeps the adventures sorted out.

MARVEL: Do you have any idea how—and when, if Bolan will meet his end?

PENDLETON: Yes, Bolan will meet his end in the marketplaces where paperback books are sold. I'll never kill the guy. The readers will have to do that, when they tire of him.

MARVEL: Do you see Mack Bolan -for all his killing—as a hero? And how did you reconcile his philosophy with your own?

PENDLETON: His philosophy is my own. And, yes, he is a hero, in the most classic sense. Mack Bolan's struggle is a personification of the struggle of collective mankind from the dawn of time. More than that, even, Bolan is a statement of the life principle—all life. Some guy on television the other night said something like "love is what life is all about." Well, look, I'm all for love, but that statement is a lot of crap, and people should not wallow in that sort of nonsense. Love is the compensation, the reward, for a life adequately lived.

MARVEL: What do you mean by "adequately lived?"

PENDLETON: I mean living as a challenged entity, responding to the challenge, remaining alive and remaining human in the process. And that is mere adequacy. Success in living means growth, achievement, beating the challenge and maturing toward a meaningful evolutional plateau.

MARVEL: Bolan's killing does not invalidate any of that?

PENDLETON: No. His killing, and the motives and methods involved, is actually a consecration of the life principle. He is proclaiming, in effect, that life is meaningful, that the world is important, that it does matter what happens here, that universal goals are being shaped on this cosmic cinder called earth. That's a heroic idea. Bolan is championing the idea. That's what a hero is. Can you imagine a guy like Bolan standing calmly on the sidelines watching without interest a young woman being mugged and raped? The guy cares. He is reacting to a destructive principle inherent in the human situation; he's fighting it.

MARVEL: I can understand that. For some of our readers who possibly may not, could you elaborate a bit more?

PENDLETON: Okay, let's personalize it. Say that you have a wife and a couple of kids. You've worked hard, lived responsibly, and you've managed to raise your family above the line of marginal survival in a tough world—by the sweat of your brow and a determination to make the world a nicer place. Then a couple of guys come crashing into your home one evening, waving guns. They are going to rape your wife, terrorize your kids,

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An exclusive interview with Don Pendleton

steal everything you have, and leave you lying in your own blood.

Now what the hell is this? Is this an upward movement in the story of mankind? Who the hell are these guys to be trampling underfoot everything that could hold meaning to your family? These gusy are **anti**-evolutionary. Let that type get control and crash goes all of mankind's grand dreams and proud accomplishments—back to the jungles of survival where the strongest and the meanest get it all.

You say that you're a peaceful man and that you abhor violence? Sure, most of us are. But we're also damned foolish men if we expect to charm guys like these with peace beads. If you can get the drop on that pair and blow their damned heads off—what does that make you? A non-peaceful man? A killer? Or a sensible and responsible human being, meeting the challenge of survival in the only manner that is clearly available to you. And what does it make the headless dumbmen—other than another threat to civilazation eliminated.

Good versus evil is much more than some stale religious concept. It's the story of evolution itself. Armageddon is not some future mythical war to be waged between God and Satan—it is here, now, always has been as the life force of this planet has continually striven to perfect itself. It is another case of the destroyers versus the builders. As a culture we have a lot of hang-ups about this "violence" business. It is a luxury of our times that we shrink from violence. Try telling it to the pioneers on a hostile prairie in Kansas, or try telling to a stone-ager who is immersed in destructive forces.

Life itself is a violence, arising from inanimate matter to clear a place and a path for itself—and this is something that we tend to forget within the insulations provided by our civilization. The insulation does break down, though, in disturbing patterns—and that is why cops carry guns and nations arm themselves into bankruptcy. Life is perpetuated only through violence—but there are two kinds. Destructive violence defeats the evolutionary movement if unchecked; constructive violence is the check, usually, and operates to advance the cause of evolutionary life.

Translating this concept into the Bolan stories, the whole world is Bolan's family. He cares about it, and he feels that it is tremendously important what happens to it. The goons have rushed in waving guns, intent on raping, looting, pillaging, destroying. And he is blowing their damned heads off, period, end of philosophy. I believe that most of the Executioner fans recognize and understand this rationale.

MARVEL: That brings up another question I wanted to ask. What kind of an effect do you think your books may be having on readers—and do you feel any sense of moral obligation to the people who're reading them?

PENDLETON: I would hope that my books are reminding people that, dammit, love is **not** what life is all about. Commitment is what life is all about, and I hope that my readers are identifying with one man's commitment and total dedication to selfless ideals. I hope they're cheering the guy on, and that their own sense of personal dignity and respect for life is enhanced through that identification. My moral obligation to the reader is, foremost, to entertain him or her. Secondarily, it is to add something of worthwhile content to their understanding of who and what they are or may be. I do not believe that my books constitute an exhortation to arms. Quite the reverse, the whole thing is an allegory, and any guy who would want to trade places with Mack Bolan has missed the entire point of the Executioner rationale. This guy is living in **hell.**

MARVEL: I guess that covers the subject. Let's change the pace a bit, here. It there an Executioner movie in the offing?

PENDLETON: It seems that there has forever been an

Executioner movie "in the offing"—and that's where it seems to stay. I don't know, frankly, what is scaring off the moviemakers. We've been under continual options since 1970, first with Four Star International and then with Avco-Embassy, yet not a foot of film has been shot. Avco-Embassy even hired Richard Maibaum, the James Bond scenarist, to do a screenplay—but they never got out of pre-production and if there was a screenplay done, I've never seen it. I think I'm getting sour on the whole notion. There's an unconscious irritation here; I find myself snarling at people who mention Bolan in the same breath with movies. I think, deep down, I probably do not want to see a Bolan movie. I don't need the money. And I guess I really don't want to entrust my guy to the Hollywood treatment. That is not saying that I would be unresponsive to a good and earnest offer, but I do think I'm going to be tougher on future offers.

MARVEL: What do you do in your spare time? What hobbies and pastimes do you enjoy?

PENDLETON: I love good books, good music, good dramas—but I have very little spare time to spend that way. Ask me again next year.

MARVEL: What other plans, projects and so forth are in your future? Since the success of the Executioner series, you've written very little outside new Bolan adventures. Are you content to continue this way, or do you plan to diversify?

PENDLETON: I have already begun a diversification program, via a contract with Berkley books for four books in a new series. This will be a total departure from the Executioner stuff, but that's about all I want to say about it for now. Talking new projects releases pressure and I need that pressure at the typewriter. Other than that, there are a great many things I would like to do in this lifetime, and maybe I will. Hell, I'm only 47. That doesn't make me Methusela. I'd like to live to see the turn of the century. I'd like to live to see manned probes traveling beyond our solar system, or maybe to meet visitors from other worlds and swap notes with them. I'd like to see a truly phenomenal breakthrough in such mundane matters as international politics and economics as well as in such other-worldly pursuits as psychism and religious sanity. That's all pretty generalized stuff, isn't it. But hell, I'm just blundering along. I don't know what I'll be doing a year from now—or even tomorrow, for that matter.

MARVEL: What are your influences?

PENDLETON: **Human** influences? I couldn't put a finger on one in particular. I like a lot of writers, and of course we all are constantly being influenced by the flow past our lives. I sometimes feel immersed in the total world, the complete flow, and I try to be responsive to that stimulation. But I honestly cannot single out an individual, beyond my own family, as a direct "influence" on my life or my work.

MARVEL: Any regrets?

PENDLETON: None of any consequence. Small things, a few of those. I wish my dad had lived to see the thing work out for me. He died a few years ago—one hell of a nice guy. I wish I'd kept more in touch with old friends through the years. I'm a sentimental sort. No major regrets, though. Life is a path, you know. I arrived here one step at a time. Each one had to be taken. Which one can I erase, yet retain what I have?

MARVEL: Your mother is still living?

PENDLETON: And how. 75 and still going strong, what a hell of a lady, a real sparkler. I have two older sisters who have had entirely successful lives, married to good men, brought some fine people into the world.

MARVEL: Somehow I gathered that your early family situation was not all that comfortable, yet you speak very warmly of them now.

PENDLETON: Just because I left home at 14? I guess it's a natural mistake. No, my family situation was the best any kid could hope for. Dad was a hard worker and constant provider, mother was a sweet lady who'd do anything for her kids. I grew up during the Depression and I guess we were poor, like most other people at the time, but hell I was never aware of it. I just blundered away—I wasn't driven by any family circumstances. I guess I did cause my folks a lot of anxious moments, and that is one of the regrets not mentioned earlier. Young people can be, entirely unintentionally, quite cruel. I wish I could tell all the troubled parents of today that there's usually nothing personal involved in those unconscious cruelties. Kids have to grow, that's all, and they don't do too well in a hothouse environment. We all have to learn how to let our kids go, to grow along their own paths.

MARVEL: Even at the age of 14?

PENDLETON: If they're bound to to it, Dave, then they're bound at whatever age. Let them go. The generation gap is actually a biology gap. We impose unnatural restrictions on our adolescents of today. There is too long an artificial incubus between puberty and majority—and the inevitable result of that is very likely to be promiscuity. Or a revolt of one type or another. The laws and restrictions designed by our culture to protect the kids is actually smothering them. We need a better way. The kids sure as hell need it. But let's not get me started on that.

MARVEL: Okay. This has developed into a far-ranging interview, hasn't it? One more pertinent question. Do you belong to any literary organizations? Have you had any feedback from other writers, other professionals in the field?

PENDLETON: I belong to the Author's Guild and the Author's League of America, which is practically one and the same. I support them in a financial sense, but I really don't have much time for direct involvements. I should—every writer should. As for feedback from other writers—it's a lonely profession, Dave. I don't have a personal relationship with another living writer. It's a rather sparse profession, and if you don't live near the publishing centers, then there is very little opportunity to meet other birds of your same feather. Yeah, it's a lonely profession—sort of a Mack Bolan existence—man alone, struggling to survive in a very savage world. Maybe that's why I like it.

MARVEL: Anything you'd like to add?

PENDLETON: No. I probably should strike out half of what's been said. I do appreciate your interest, and I hope you'll find something here worthy of publication.

MARVEL: See you at the turn of the century.

PENDLETON: I'll try to be there. Live large, Dave.

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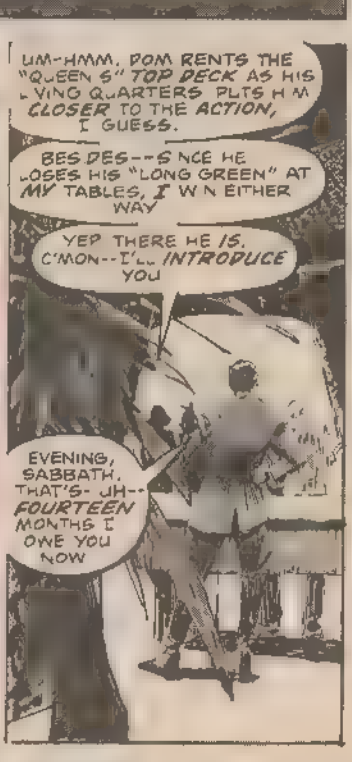
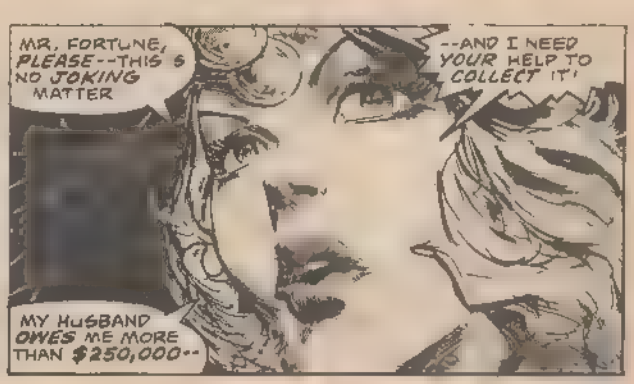
--AND IT ALL BUT DROWNS OUT THE VOICE OF MISS SABBATH RAVEN, PROPRIETRESS OF THE "QUEEN", AS SHE SHOWS A POTENTIAL CLIENT THRU THE SHIP
IF I KNOW DOMINIC, WE'LL FIND HIM IN THE BACK ROOM--
-BUSILY LOSING THIS MONTH'S RENT MONEY.

YOU MAKE IT SOUND AS IF HE DOES IT OFTEN.
CONSTANTLY.
BUT DOESN'T HIS LANDLORD OBJECT?
I CAN'T AFFORD TO.
YOU?

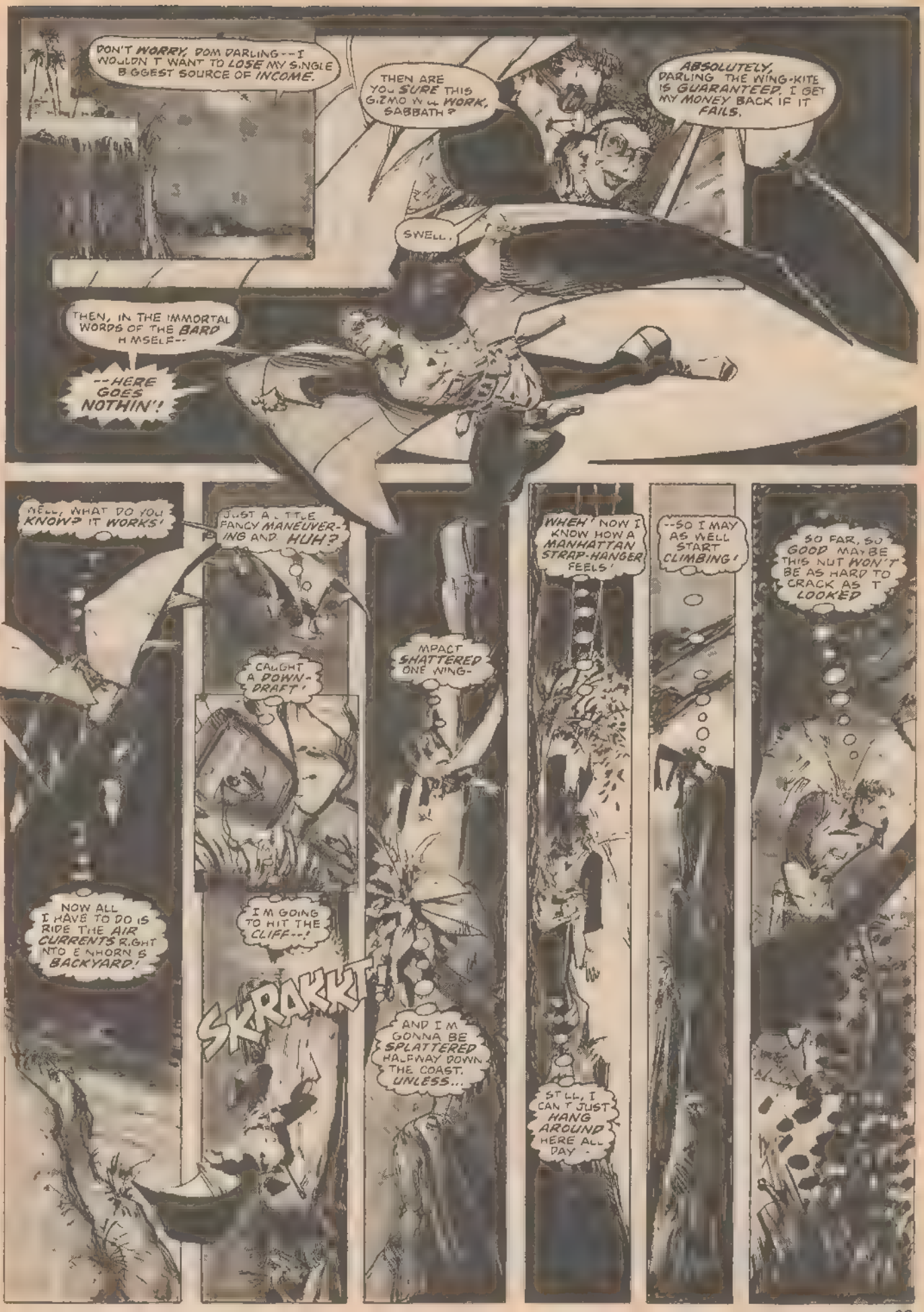

UM-HMM, DOM RENTS THE "QUEEN'S" TOP DECK AS HIS LIVING QUARTERS PUTS HIM CLOSER TO THE ACTION, I GUESS.
BESIDES--SINCE HE LOSES HIS "LONG GREEN" AT MY TABLES, I WIN EITHER WAY
YEP THERE HE IS. C'MON--I'LL INTRODUCE YOU
EVENING, SABBATH. THAT'S- UH-- FOURTEEN MONTHS I OWE YOU NOW

CONGRATULATIONS. YOU'VE JUST SET A NEW WORLD'S RECORD.
MR. DOMINIC FORTUNE, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MRS. CAROL EINHORN. I WAS JUST TELLING HER WHAT AN ABOMINABLE GAMBLER YOU ARE.
I KNOW. I CAN STILL SEE THE DOLLAR SIGNS IN YOUR LOVELY BLUE EYES.
IS THIS BUSINESS, MRS. EINHORN, OR PLEASURE?

UNFORTUNATELY BUSINESS, MR. FORTUNE I--ER--I WANT YOU TO KIDNAP MY HUSBAND FOR ME!
RATHER DRASTIC WAY TO LAND YOURSELF A MAN, ISN'T IT?

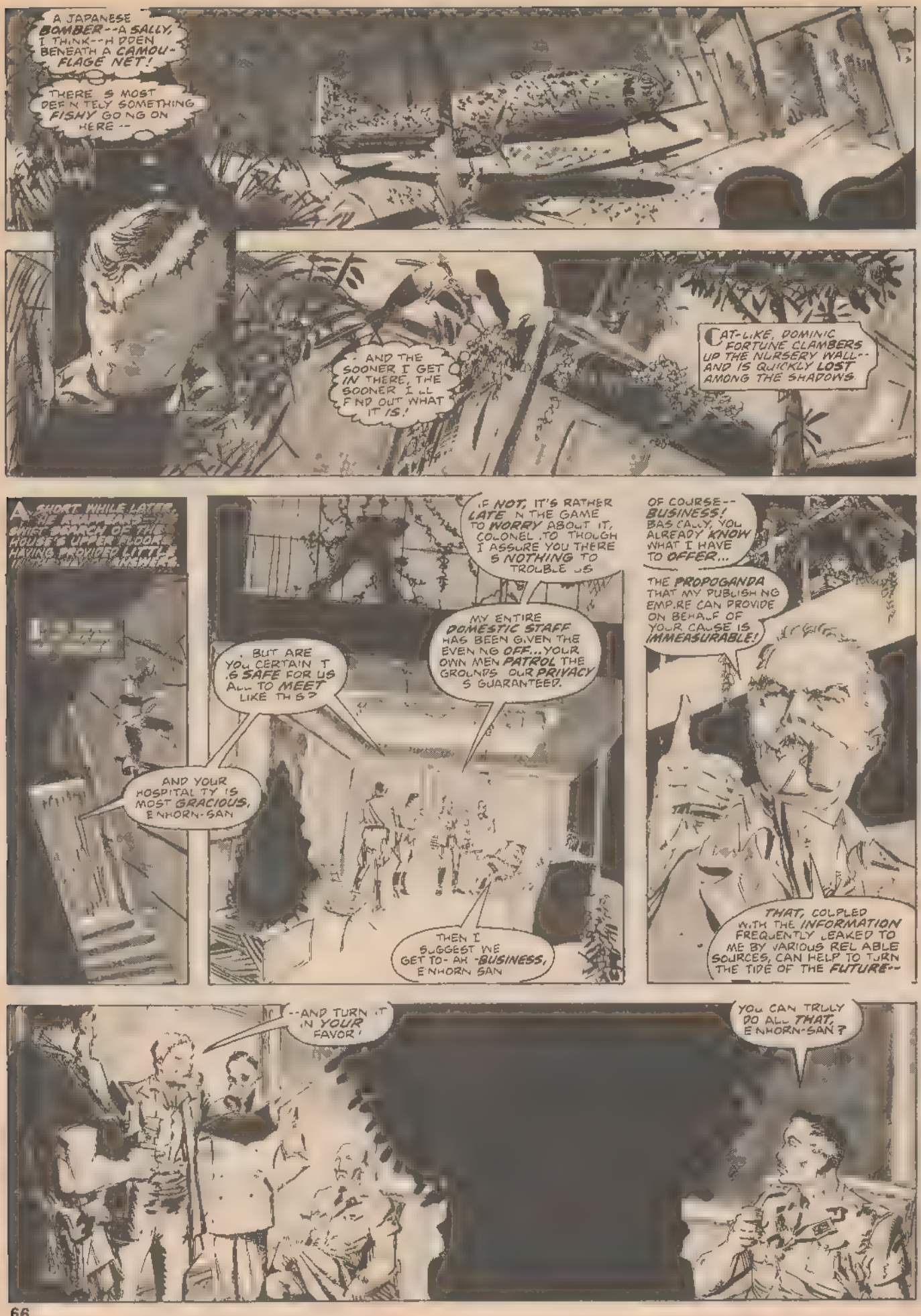

MR. FORTUNE, PLEASE--THIS IS NO JOKING MATTER
--AND I NEED YOUR HELP TO COLLECT IT!
MY HUSBAND OWES ME MORE THAN $250,000--

DON'T BOTHER COUNTING ON YOUR FINGERS DARLING. TEN PERCENT OF A QUARTER OF A MILLION IS ENOUGH FOR YOU TO PAY YOUR BACK RENT.
AND STILL HAVE A LITTLE JINGLE TO LOSE AT THE TABLES.
MRS ENHORN - SUPPOSE WE DO UP IN DE W AND DISCUSS YOUR LITTLE PROBLEM.
MY LITTLE PROBLEM IS QUITE SIMPLE. MR [illegible] MY EX-HUSBAND JACOB ENHORN, OWES ME 26 THOUSAND IN BACK ALIMONY--
AND HE REFUSES TO PAY.
YOU COULD TAKE THE MATTER TO THE COURTS. HAVE HIM SERVED WITH A SUMMONS TO SHOW CAUSE WHY HE DOESN'T PAY.
I'VE SENT THREE PROCESS SERVERS TO SKYCLIFF ALREADY. NONE OF THE LAST TWO NEVER RETURNED.
JACOB DON'T BECOME A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE THROWING HIS MONEY AROUND FREELY. HE CONSIDERS HIS FIRST DOLLAR - EVEN FRAMED - BRONZED ON THE MANTLE.
AND HE LIKES HIS PRIVACY.
SOUNDS LIKE A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK.
AN IMPOSSIBLE NUT TO CRACK. SKYCLIFF IS A FORTRESS ABLE [illegible] ON THE PACIFIC [illegible] AND ON THE OTHER SIDE [illegible]
HERE. SEE FOR YOURSELF! I'VE GOT A MAP OF THE PLACE WITH ME.
MINEFIELDS? THE MAN DOESN'T PLAY GAMES, DOES HE?
AH, ME - THERE'S NOTHING LIKE AN OCCASIONAL CHALLENGE TO KEEP A MAN FIT.
OKAY MRS ENHORN. TO [illegible] A BILL COLLECTOR [illegible] ME BRING A MAP FOR A MINE.
[illegible] TRY TO FIND OUT A WAY TO GET PAST THE FRONT DOOR.
THERE'S SKYCLIFF. GET AHEAD [illegible] CRANE STEADY, WILL YOU?
MY KNEES ARE [illegible] TO YOGURT!

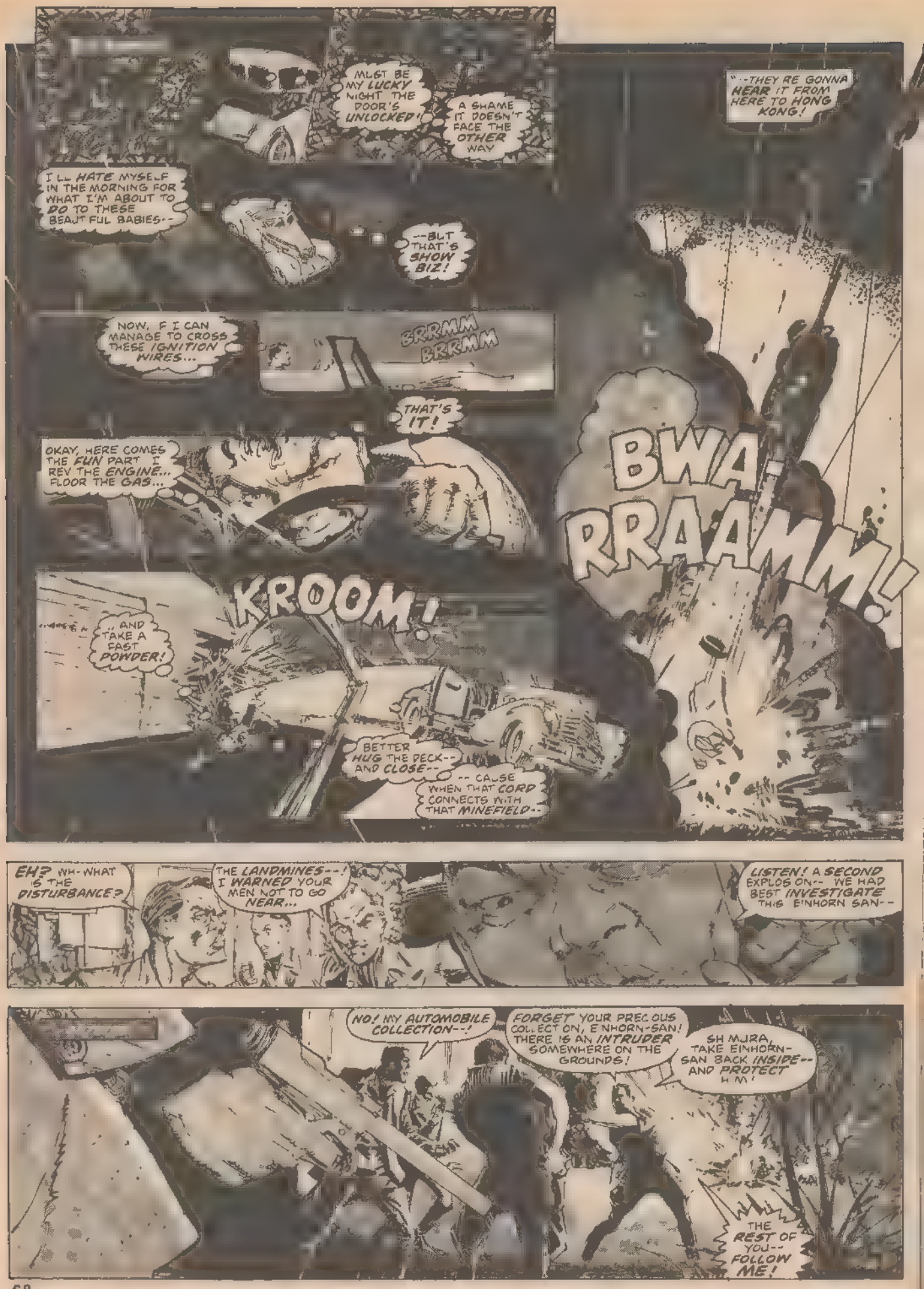

DON'T WORRY, DOM DARLING--I WOULDN'T WANT TO LOSE MY SINGLE BIGGEST SOURCE OF INCOME.
THEN ARE YOU SURE THIS GIZMO WILL WORK, SABBATH?
ABSOLUTELY, DARLING THE WING-KITE IS GUARANTEED. I GET MY MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS.
SWELL.
THEN, IN THE IMMORTAL WORDS OF THE BARD HIMSELF--
--HERE GOES NOTHIN'!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? IT WORKS!
JUST A LITTLE FANCY MANEUVERING AND HUH?
CAUGHT A DOWN-DRAFT!
IMPACT SHATTERED ONE WING-
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS RIDE THE AIR CURRENTS RIGHT INTO ENHORN'S BACKYARD!
I'M GOING TO HIT THE CLIFF--!
SKRAKK!!
AND I'M GONNA BE SPLATTERED HALFWAY DOWN THE COAST. UNLESS...
WHEW! NOW I KNOW HOW A MANHATTAN STRAP-HANGER FEELS!
--SO I MAY AS WELL START CLIMBING!
STILL, I CAN'T JUST HANG AROUND HERE ALL DAY.
SO FAR, SO GOOD. MAYBE THIS NUT WON'T BE AS HARD TO CRACK AS IT LOOKED

BETTER GET RID OF THIS WIND-RIG AND MAKE A QUICK RECON OF THE GROUNDS BEFORE..
SNAP!
EH?
YANKEE--YOU DIE!
ONE OF EINHORN'S GUARD'S--!
NO--A SOLDIER! JAPANESE FROM THE UN FORM!
BUT WHAT'S A JAP SOLDIER DOING...OOPS!
BETTER WORRY ABOUT THAT AFTER I PUT BRIGHT-BOY HERE OUT OF ACTION!
THAK
GOT TO KEEP HIM QUIET SO HE CAN'T ALERT ANYONE--
--AND SINCE I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ANYBODY STUMBLING OVER HIS BODY--
--I'M AFRAID IT'S-- BOMBS AWAY!"
THE DEATH-SCREAM IS BRIEF, LOST AMID THE SHRIEK OF THE GULLS AND THE ETERNAL POUNDING OF THE SURF.
I DISLIKE KILLING ANYONE-- BUT BUDDY BUDDHA INTENDED TO MAKE SLICED STEAK OUT OF ME WITH THIS SO.
UH-OH, HERE COMES THE RESERVE!

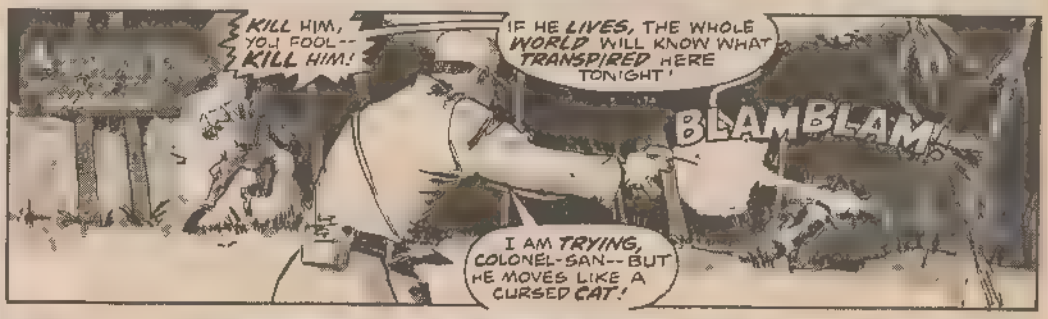
SPLANG
AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S NOTICED HIS CHUM IS AMONG THE MISSING!
THIS GUY WANTS MY BLOOD--AND HE WANTS IT BAD!
HE'S UNABLE TO TAKE IT, TOO
HE'S A LOT BETTER MAN WITH A BLADE THAN I AM!
THUNK
AND IS SPLINTERED BY A SWIFTLY-SWUNG FIST!
--BUT SOMETIMES DIRTY POOL IS THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN
SWUCK!
I SUCKERED HIM INTO THAT SHOT--
--WHICH IS REALLY DIRTY POOL, I GUESS
ONE THING IS--WHY? WHY WERE TWO JAPANESE SOLDIERS GUARDING THE ESTATE OF AN AMERICAN PRIVATE CITIZEN?
ONE THING IS CERTAIN--I WON'T LEARN THE ANSWER OUT HERE!
GOT TO FIND A WAY INSIDE BEFORE. HUH?


A JAPANESE BOMBER--A SALLY, I THINK--HIDDEN BENEATH A CAMOUFLAGE NET!
THERE'S MOST DEFINITELY SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON HERE--
AND THE SOONER I GET IN THERE, THE SOONER I'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
CAT-LIKE, DOMINIC FORTUNE CLAMBERS UP THE NURSERY WALL--AND IS QUICKLY LOST AMONG THE SHADOWS
A SHORT WHILE LATER, HE ATTACKED THE SMALL BALCONY OF THE HOUSE'S UPPER FLOOR, HAVING PROVIDED LITTLE ANSWER...
BUT ARE YOU CERTAIN IT IS SAFE FOR US ALL TO MEET LIKE THIS?
AND YOUR HOSPITALITY IS MOST GRACIOUS, ENHORN-SAN
IF NOT, IT'S RATHER LATE IN THE GAME TO WORRY ABOUT IT, COLONEL. TO THOUGH I ASSURE YOU THERE'S NOTHING TO TROUBLE US
MY ENTIRE DOMESTIC STAFF HAS BEEN GIVEN THE EVENING OFF... YOUR OWN MEN PATROL THE GROUNDS. OUR PRIVACY IS GUARANTEED.
THEN I SUGGEST WE GET TO--AH--BUSINESS, ENHORN-SAN
OF COURSE--BUSINESS! BASICALLY, YOU ALREADY KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO OFFER...
THE PROPOGANDA THAT MY PUBLISHING EMPIRE CAN PROVIDE ON BEHALF OF YOUR CAUSE IS IMMEASURABLE!
THAT, COUPLED WITH THE INFORMATION FREQUENTLY LEAKED TO ME BY VARIOUS RELIABLE SOURCES, CAN HELP TO TURN THE TIDE OF THE FUTURE--
--AND TURN IT IN YOUR FAVOR!
YOU CAN TRULY DO ALL THAT, ENHORN-SAN?

THAT, COLONEL ITO--AND MORE!
WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED FOR EXAMPLE, IN AERIAL PHOTOS OF THE U.S.A.'S MOST VULNERABLE MILITARY BASES? PEARL HARBOR, IN HAWAII, IS A PARTICULAR PLUM.
I AM OFFERING YOU AMERICA, GENTLEMEN, ON A SILVER PLATTER--AND I ASK RATHER LITTLE IN RETURN!
WHEN THE GLORIOUS JAPANESE EMPIRE CONQUERS NORTH AMERICA, I DESIRE CONTROL OF TEXAS AND MEXICO--COMPLETE AND ABSOLUTE CONTROL!
I'VE ALWAYS RATHER FANCIED MYSELF A LAND BARON--AND CONSIDERING WHAT YOU'LL BE GETTING, THAT REALLY ISN'T VERY MUCH AT ALL!
ANOTHER WORLD WAR? THEY'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!
BUT GOING ON THE ASSUMPTION THEY'RE NOT KIDDING--AND, GOD HELP ME, I DON'T THINK THEY ARE--
--I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING--AND FAST!
THE EMPEROR IS MOST PLEASED TO ACCEPT YOUR GRACIOUS OFFER, ENHORN-SAN. IT IS GENEROUS INDEED
SPLENDID! SPLENDID! A TOAST, THEN--TO THE SECOND WAR TO END ALL WARS!
THE ONLY QUESTION IS--WHAT?
ACCORDING TO THE MAP, THIS BLASTED FORTRESS IS...
THE MAP!
Y'KNOW--IT JUST MIGHT WORK!

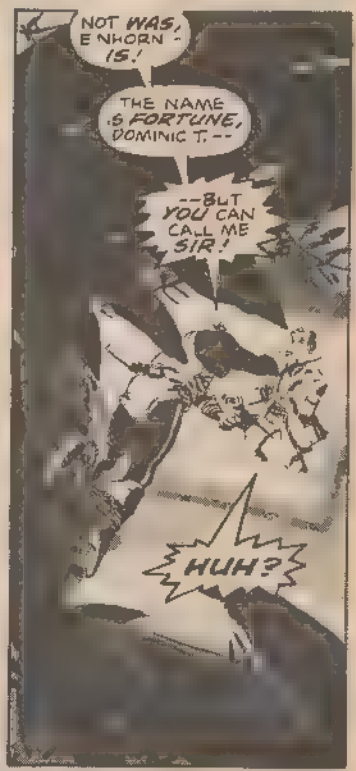

MUST BE MY LUCKY NIGHT THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED!
A SHAME IT DOESN'T FACE THE OTHER WAY
I'LL HATE MYSELF IN THE MORNING FOR WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO TO THESE BEAUTIFUL BABIES--
--BUT THAT'S SHOW BIZ!
NOW, IF I CAN MANAGE TO CROSS THESE IGNITION WIRES...
BRRMM BRRMM
THAT'S IT!
OKAY, HERE COMES THE FUN PART I REV THE ENGINE... FLOOR THE GAS...
"--THEY'RE GONNA HEAR IT FROM HERE TO HONG KONG!
BWA-RRAAMM!
KROOM!
.. AND TAKE A FAST POWDER!
BETTER HUG THE DECK-- AND CLOSE--
-- CAUSE WHEN THAT CORD CONNECTS WITH THAT MINEFIELD--
EH? WH-WHAT IS THE DISTURBANCE?
THE LANDMINES--! I WARNED YOUR MEN NOT TO GO NEAR...
LISTEN! A SECOND EXPLOSION-- WE HAD BEST INVESTIGATE THIS EINHORN-SAN--
NO! MY AUTOMOBILE COLLECTION--!
FORGET YOUR PRECIOUS COLLECTION, EINHORN-SAN! THERE IS AN INTRUDER SOMEWHERE ON THE GROUNDS!
SHIMURA, TAKE EINHORN-SAN BACK INSIDE-- AND PROTECT HIM!
THE REST OF YOU-- FOLLOW ME!

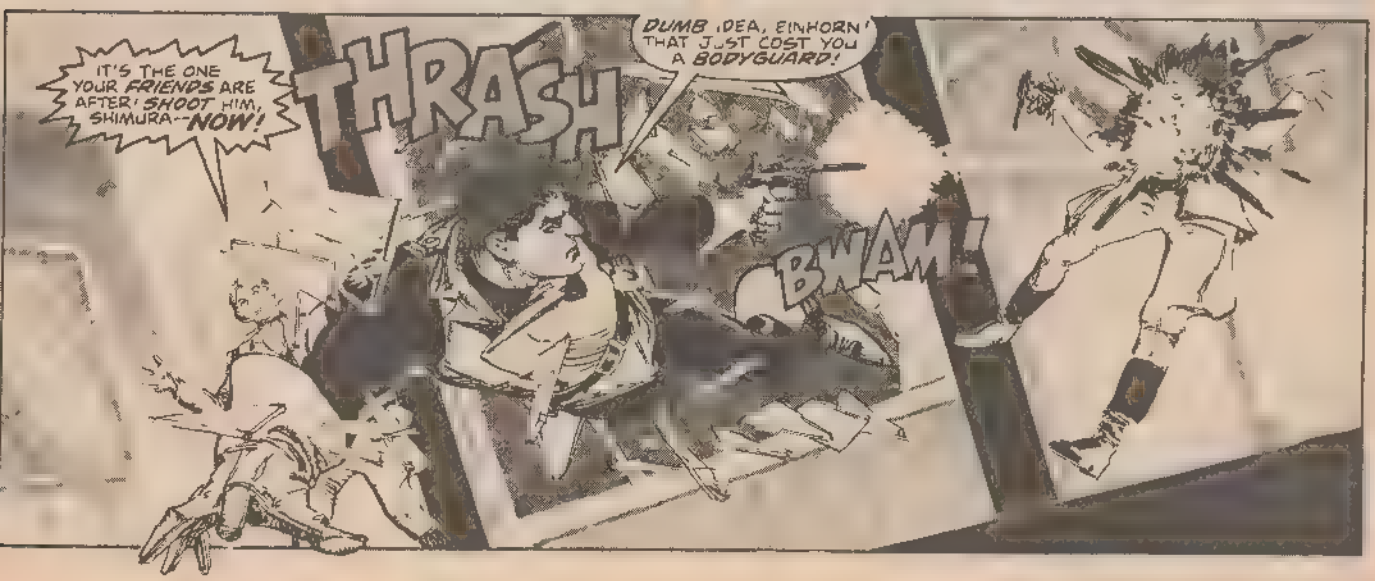
...WHILE THEIR DARK-CLAD QUARRY MOVES SILENTLY AMID THE FUEL DRUMS STANDING BESIDE THE CONCEALED AIRCRAFT.


KILL HIM, YOU FOOL-- KILL HIM!
IF HE LIVES, THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW WHAT TRANSPIRED HERE TONIGHT!
BLAMBLAM
I AM TRYING, COLONEL-SAN-- BUT HE MOVES LIKE A CURSED CAT!

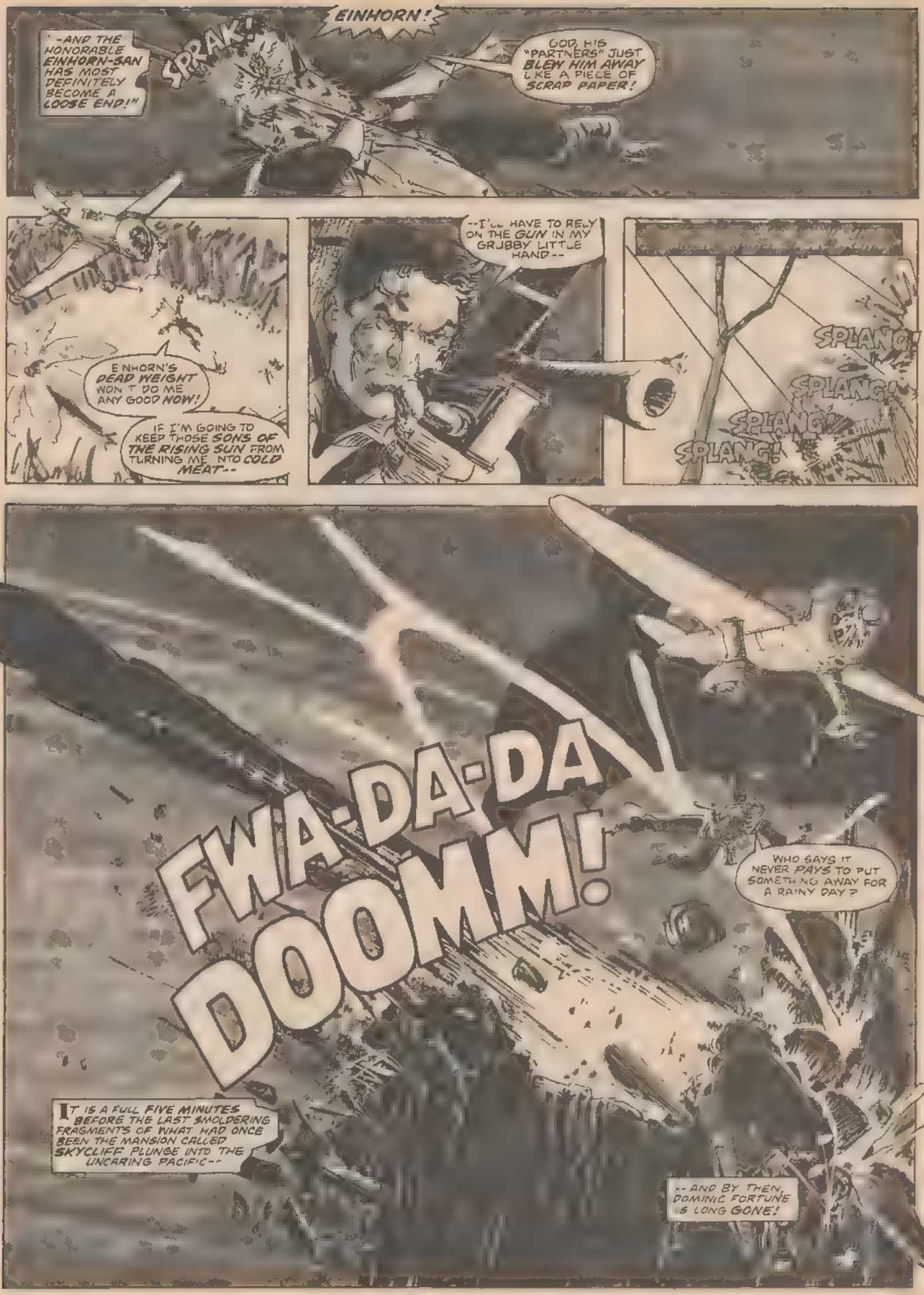
BAH! WE MAY NEVER CATCH HIM NOW!
M SHUMI, MAKE READY THE PLANE! THE EXPLOSIONS ALONE WILL DRAW THE AUTHORITIES--
--AND WE MUST NOT BE HERE TO FACE EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS WHEN THEY ARRIVE!
BUT WHAT OF EINHORN-SAN?

WELL, THERE HE IS-- THE BIG POWER BROKER HIMSELF
SEEMS THE SHOOTING HAS STOPPED! YOUR COMRADES MUST HAVE FINISHED THE INTRUDER, SHIMURA- WHOEVER HE WAS!

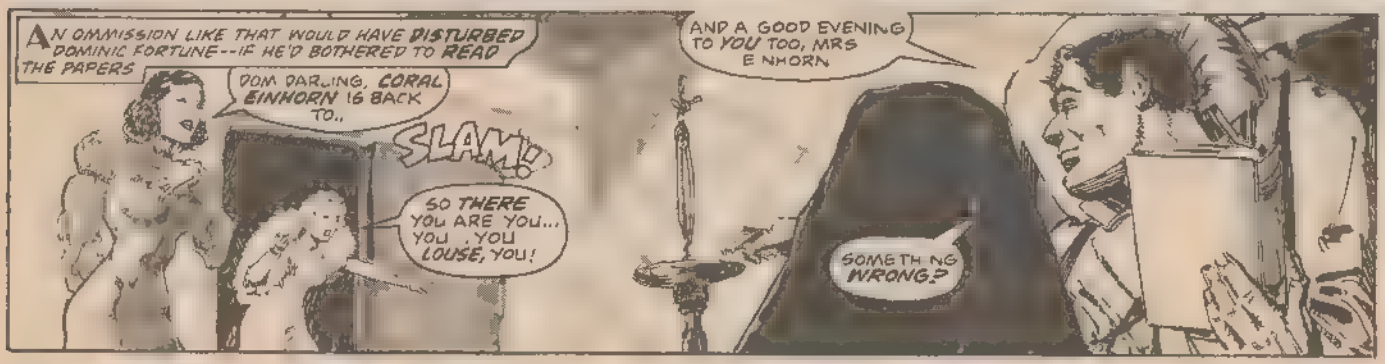




OKAY, MISTER EINHORN--LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!
UP TO THE ROOF--NOW!
Y-YOU'RE INSANE, FORTUNE! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!
YOU WANT TO TALK, EINHORN--TALK WHILE YOU WALK!
ATOP THE MANSION, MOMENTS LATER
THERE'S MY GAL SABBATH--RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
FORTUNE--PLEASE--DON'T DO THIS TO ME! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING--!
I CAN MAKE YOU RICH--WEALTHY BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS--!
I'M ALREADY GETTING PAID FOR THIS, EINHORN--AND I NEVER WELCH ON A CONTRACT.
NOW TURN AROUND--AND KEEP THOSE HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM.
YOU AND I ARE GOING FOR A LITTLE RIDE!
NO! Y-YOU CAN'T--!
WANNA BET?
YOU KEEP SCREAMING LIKE THAT, EINHORN--AND I'M JUST LIABLE TO LOSE MY GRIP ON YOU!
COLONEL ITO--COME QUICKLY! THE AIRCRAFT IS READY AS YOU ORDERED!
WE ARE PREPARED TO TAKE OFF WHENEVER YOU COMMAND!
JUST A MOMENT, MISHUMI--THERE IS SOMETHING I STILL MUST TAKE CARE OF!
DON'T PRESS ME
OUR SUPERIORS WOULD BE MOST DISPLEASED IF WE WERE TO LEAVE ANY LOOSE ENDS DANGLING BEHIND US--
Y-YOU WOULDN'T--! Y-YOU COULDN'T--!

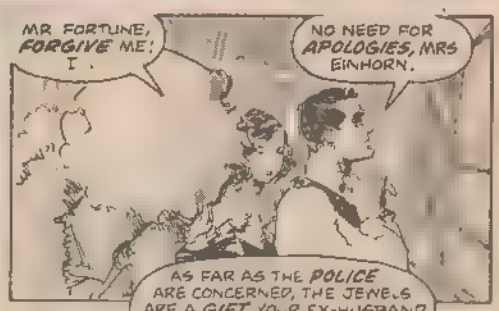

"--AND THE HONORABLE EINHORN-SAN HAS MOST DEFINITELY BECOME A LOOSE END!"
SPRAK!
EINHORN!
GOD, HIS "PARTNERS" JUST BLEW HIM AWAY LIKE A PIECE OF SCRAP PAPER!
EINHORN'S DEAD WEIGHT WON'T DO ME ANY GOOD NOW!
IF I'M GOING TO KEEP THOSE SONS OF THE RISING SUN FROM TURNING ME INTO COLD MEAT--
--I'LL HAVE TO RELY ON THE GUN IN MY GRUBBY LITTLE HAND--
SPLANG!
SPLANG!
SPLANG!
SPLANG!
FWA-DA-DA DOOMM!
WHO SAYS IT NEVER PAYS TO PUT SOMETHING AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY?
IT IS A FULL FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE LAST SMOLDERING FRAGMENTS OF WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE MANSION CALLED SKYCLIFF PLUNGE INTO THE UNCARING PACIFIC--
--AND BY THEN, DOMINIC FORTUNE IS LONG GONE!

THE AFTERNOON PAPERS REPORTED THE DESTRUCTION OF SKYCLIFF AND THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF JACOB EINHORN IN FAR GREATER DETAIL THAN NECESSARY--
--BUT THEN, EINHORN HAD OWNED ALL THE PAPERS.
INTERESTINGLY ENOUGH, THERE WAS NO MENTION AT ALL OF DISCOVERING FIVE CHARRED BODIES--OR THE SPLINTERS OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A PLANE


AN OMMISSION LIKE THAT WOULD HAVE DISTURBED DOMINIC FORTUNE--IF HE'D BOTHERED TO READ THE PAPERS
DOM DARLING, CORAL EINHORN IS BACK TO..
SLAM!
SO THERE YOU ARE YOU... YOU .YOU LOUSE, YOU!
AND A GOOD EVENING TO YOU TOO, MRS E NHORN
SOMETH NG WRONG?

YOU'RE DAMNED RIGHT SOMETHING'S WRONG, WISE GUY!
I H RED YOU TO KIDNAP MY HUSBAND--NOT SPLATTER HIM ALL OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE!
YOU H RED ME TO HELP COLLECT THE QUARTER M LLION HE OWED YOU, MRS E NHORN--
--AND I'VE DONE THAT!

YOU'VE DONE WHAT? HOW COULD YOU
OH
I FOUND THESE IN A WALL SAFE N YOUR HUSBAND'S STUDY WHEN I FIRST CANVASSED THE HOUSE
UNLESS I'VE LOST MY TOUCH, I'D SAY THEY'RE WORTH A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN 250 THOUSAND!


MR FORTUNE, FORGIVE ME! I.
NO NEED FOR APOLOGIES, MRS EINHORN.
AS FAR AS THE POLICE ARE CONCERNED, THE JEWELS ARE A GIFT YOUR EX-HUSBAND GAVE YOU BEFORE YOU--ER--PARTED COMPANY.

THE GEMS ARE YOURS FREE AND CLEAR, MRS EINHORN--ENJOY THEM!
I'VE ALREADY TAKEN OUT MY TEN PERCENT!

LATER, SABBATH SWEETHEART RIGHT NOW I HAVE A STAND NG DATE WITH A CERTAIN ROULETTE WHEEL!
HOW ABOUT DOUBLE OR NOTHING?
WELL THAT BEING THE CASE, THERE'S THE L TTLE MATTER OF FOURTEEN MONTHS' BACK RENT TO DISCUSS, DOM DARL NG
DOM--NO! NOT AGAIN--!?!
WHO KNOWS? MAYBE MY LUCK'LL F NALLY CHANGE?
END

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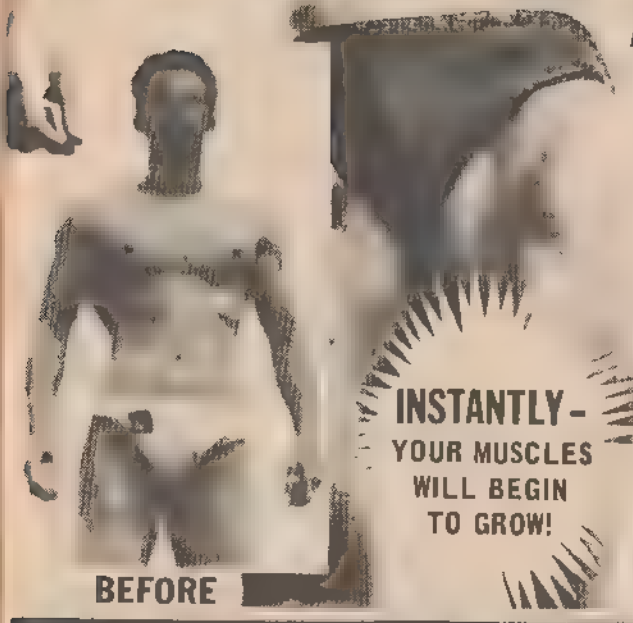

BEFORE

INSTANTLY - YOUR MUSCLES WILL BEGIN TO GROW!

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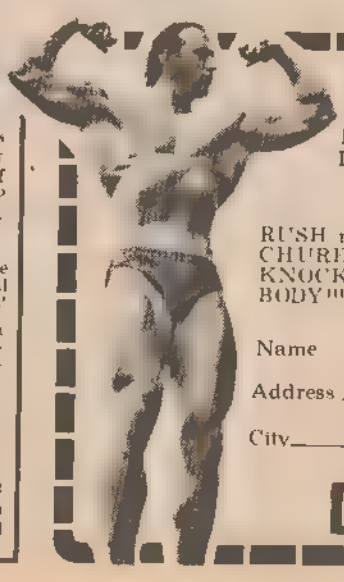

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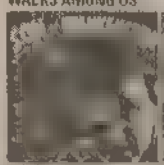
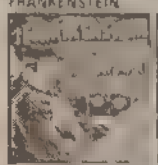

HR 3 SON OF FRANKENSTEIN

HR 36 THE MUMMY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HR 33 DR CYCLOPS

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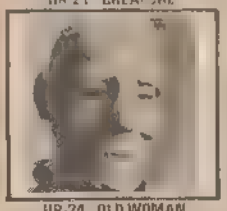
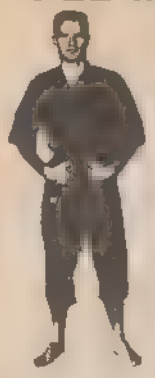

HR-24 OLD WOMAN

HR 27 DEVIL

HR 28 FRANKENSTEIN

HR 23 MUMMY

I'LL MAKE YOU A MASTER OF



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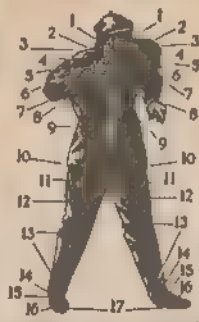

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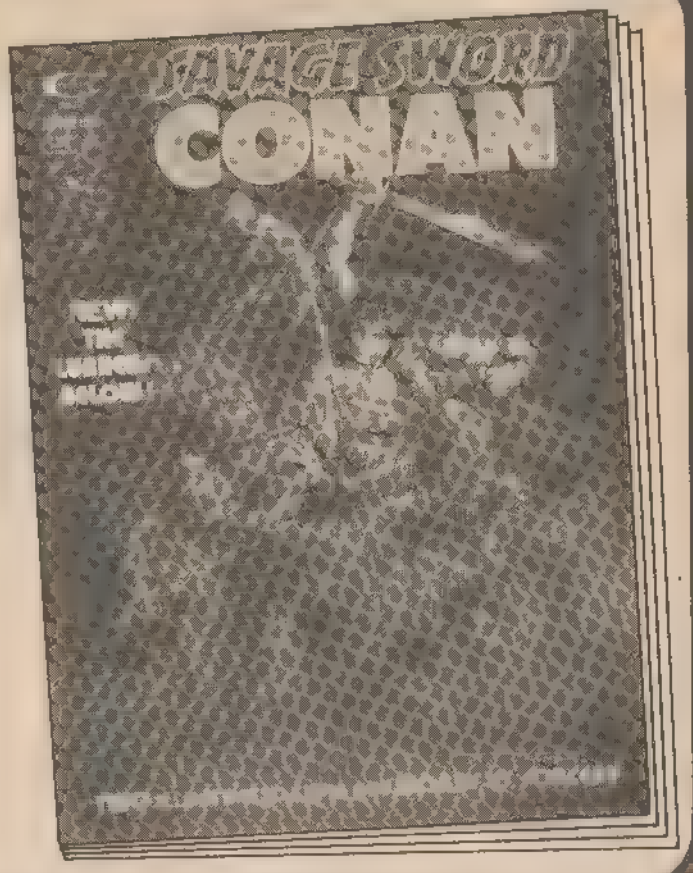

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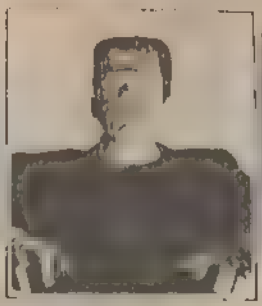

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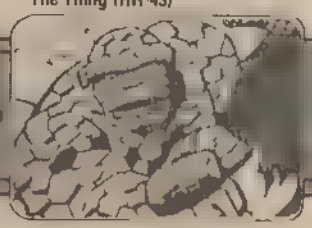

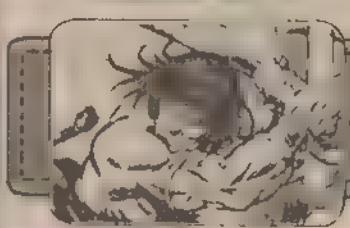

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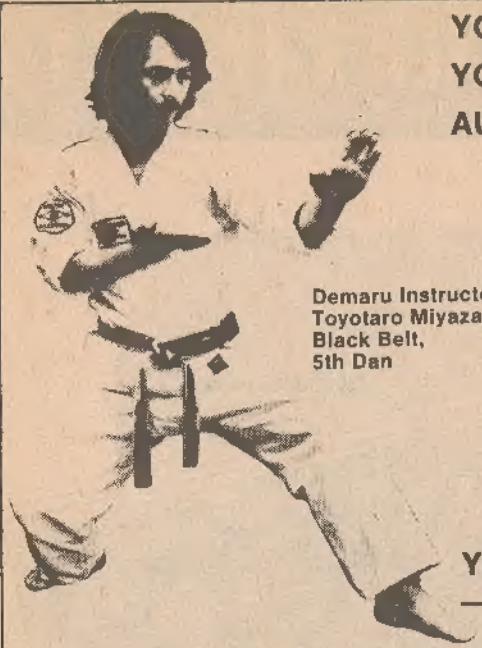


Demaru Instructor
Toyotaro Miyazaki,
Black Belt,
5th Dan

YOU'LL BE A MASTER OF SELF DEFENSE ONCE YOU'VE COMPLETED OUR REVOLUTIONARY NEW AUDIOVISUAL HOME STUDY COURSE IN DYNAMIC....

KUNG-FU & KARATE

YOU LEARN BY LOOKING AND LISTENING THE EASY WAY —FOR LESS THAN 16¢ A LESSON!

YOUR PHYSICAL SIZE AND AGE ARE UNIMPORTANT

It doesn't make any difference whether you are short, tall, skinny, fat or just plain average. We don't care if you've lost every fight you ever fought. We'll teach you how to defend yourself and those you love against one, two, or even three attackers with complete self confidence. By taking our revolutionary new audiovisual home study course in dynamic KUNG FU & KARATE **you'll be able to face ANY MAN, ANYWHERE** without the fear of being physically hurt or embarrassed.

WE'LL PROGRAM YOUR MIND TO MASTER ALMOST ANY SELF DEFENSE SITUATION

No rigorous or boring exercises are necessary. You learn in the comfort and privacy of your own home, either alone or with a friend, by looking and listening with our simple, effective audiovisual technique. You merely follow the pictures in our lesson book as you listen to each lesson on our SPECIAL LONG PLAYING 12" RECORD. What could be easier?

By playing this record over and over, the lessons become buried deep in your subconscious. Your mind is conditioned in the ancient Oriental disciplines of KUNG FU & KARATE—it develops a memory bank of specialized fighting knowledge. If you are attacked, you'll find yourself springing to action almost automatically, using this knowledge to defend yourself and those you love.

YOUR BODY BECOMES A POWERFUL WEAPON OF DEFENSE

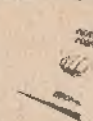
We'll teach you how to use your hands, feet, arms, legs, elbows and knees as powerful weapons against any attacker. You'll learn the KUNG FU & KARATE techniques of the thrust punch, hammerfist, X & U punch, knife hand, spear hand, palm heel strike, snap kick, thrust kick, stamping kick, knee kick, elbow strike, backfirst, X block, sweeping block, high and low blocks, and much, much more. **You'll learn nerve centers and pressure points—where, when and how to hit effectively and avoid being hit yourself.** You'll learn all the essential secrets of these two Oriental fighting arts—ancient secrets that have allowed smaller, weaker men to defeat larger, more powerful men with ease.

A NEW, CONFIDENT YOU

Take this course and feel like a new person. Never be afraid to go anywhere ever again—ball game, beach, school yard, bar, dance, tough neighborhood, back alley or parking lot at night. Gain self confidence and win the respect and admiration of those you love. Your cool, confident steel-like gaze will show others you are no person to fool around with. Feel a new power come over you—the power to master almost any self defense situation!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

Our long playing 12" 33⅓ RPM instruction record which contains 35 complete, separate and distinct lessons. It was specially produced to make the learning of the essential self defense techniques of KUNG FU & KARATE as inexpensive and easy as possible.



Complete picture lesson book containing over 135 photos and illustrations. While you are coached by the lesson record, each defensive movement is shown to you step-by-step by our instructor, TOYOTARO MIYAZAKI, BLACK BELT, 5TH DAN from the world famous KENKOJUKU DOJO in TOKYO, JAPAN.

Complete nerve center and pressure point chart showing all vital areas of defense.

HERE'S WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY ABOUT THIS COURSE:

"Next to taking lessons in dojo, this home study course has to be the best way available for learning self-defense Kung Fu and Karate."

R. Richards, Black Belt, 1st Dan

"At last! A home study course that is more than just a book or manual. This course is, without a doubt the easiest most effective home study program I have ever come across."

G. Aschkar, Black Belt, 1st Dan

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ALL THIS FOR LESS THAN 16¢ A LESSON

It's hard to believe, but it's true! People across this country pay up to $10.00 for a single lesson in KUNG FU or KARATE—more than the cost of this entire home study course. Only today's modern technological advances in audiovisual learning, and mass production techniques make it possible for us to bring you this complete course at such a ridiculously low price! Yes it's absolutely true—you get 35 complete lessons for only $4.98 & 50¢ for postage and handling—that's less than 16¢ a lesson!

Don't delay! Order this complete home study course today. You'll never forgive yourself if you don't.

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If aften ten days of examining this home study course, you are not completely satisfied that this is the easiest, most effective way possible to learn self defense, KUNG FU and KARATE at home, you may return it for a full refund of your purchase price.

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Yes, this is for me. Rush me your complete audiovisual home study course in dynamic KUNG FU & KARATE. I enclose $4.98 plus 50¢ for postage and handling (totaling $5.48) as payment in full. I understand that this course was designed to teach me how to use KUNG FU & KARATE to defend myself. I promise never to use these techniques as an aggressor. Send cash, check or money order to:

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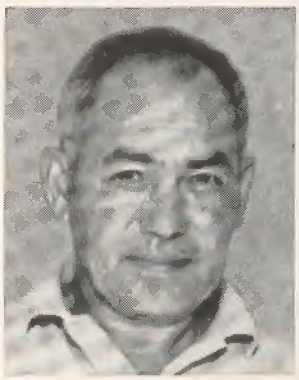
when I planned to **retire before fifty**

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey



Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, less than $1500 starts a Duraclean dealership.) I could work it as a one-man business to start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead. For transportation, I could use the trunk of my car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits). And best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible —I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

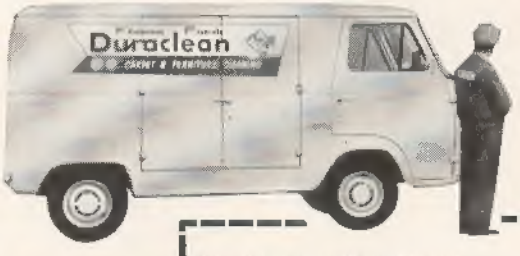
"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

Would you like to taste the freedom and independence enjoyed by Mr. Haikey? You can. Let us send you the facts. Mail the coupon, and you'll receive all the details, absolutely without obligation. No salesman will ever call on you. When you receive our illustrated booklet, you'll learn how we show you STEP BY STEP how to get customers; and how to have your customers get you more customers from their recommendations.

With no obligation, we'll mail you a 24-page brochure explaining the business. Then you, and you alone, in the privacy of your home, can decide. Don't delay. Get the facts before your location is taken by someone else. Mail the coupon, now.

DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
5-1Y7 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015



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WITHOUT OBLIGATION mail letter and 24-page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership. No salesman is to call.

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MAIL THIS HANDY POSTAGE-PAID COUPON-ENVELOPE

Cut coupon along dotted lines, fill in your name and address . . . fold, seal (tape, paste or staple) and mail. No stamp or envelope is necessary.

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*No state accepts any law home study course, including LaSalle's, as sufficient education to qualify for admission to practice law.

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